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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Our Peck of Dirt

ON Thanksgiving Day of 1932, when these lines were written, we were still asking what there was to be thankful for in the present state of literature. And then we looked, as often in the past few years, at the peck of dirt. So much of it was gone that it seemed probable that only a little was left in the bottom of the measure.

A speaker from the Roman Church has just been saying that Europe, including England, has been profiting from a Catholic renaissance in literature, while only in America the harsh, the vulgar, the materialistic still is popular. Praising among us Willa Cather and Thornton Wilder, he felt that the hard-boiled and disillusioned school had been a calamity and remained a mistake. A Catholic sense of values was his proposed cure. He loved neither Mencken nor Hemingway, regarding one as the beginning and the other as the end of a misery soon to disappear.

A mistake perhaps, a calamity no. For if there ever was a culture that had eventually to eat its peck of dirt it was surely the American literature of the half century before Mencken and Hemingway. Whatever its merits, and they were far greater than is just now admitted, the Longfellow-Lowell-Howells-Gilder-Churchill age was bound to pay for its assumption that the manners of the drawing-room could be imposed upon books. Some rudeness was necessary if the young people who found themselves in a shaken world were to get possession of a virile medium through which to express themselves.

But have we not eaten our peck of dirt? Is not the nostalgia of Willa Cather for the fabric of uncommercial civilizations, and of Ellen Glasgow for the past of the South, and of Thornton Wilder for a beautiful prose, at least significant? Has not vulgarity lost its salt, and impudence become tiresome, and the so-called "facts of life" reached the commonplace, while a sense of personal dignity and a responsibility for what goes into a book and what comes out of it is as rare as hen's teeth? It may seem faintly absurd at a time when we have to pull out of the swamp into which applied science and bad economics have led us, or be sunk, to ask in Milton's terms for books that treat—

> Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
> High actions and high passions best describing.

But it is not too soon to hope for some view of human nature in addition to that which sees man as a greedy, cowardly, fornicating, muddle-headed animal, or a cynical, malicious, selfish, and pleasure-seeking travesty of the ideals of the Bible, the classics, and the nineteenth century.

A Catholic renaissance in this country would undoubtedly make sexualism unfashionable and cynical and materialistic attacks on human virtue less certain of applause, but a Catholic literature for the United States would be Catholicism of Protestant converts, passionate, unreasoning, irritable, and dogmatic. Our old Puritan bones may shake with secret distress at the load of vulgarity they have had to carry, yet they would melt under such deference to authority as Catholic literature brings with it. The dignity of Protestantism is the dignity of self-reliance and self-discipline and an inner illumination of the spirit. Upon this the modern denial of any but a mechanical

(*Continued on page 282*)

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

Liberalism—A Way Station

By CARL BECKER

ONE day, talking with a Cornell student from Brooklyn about the difficulty of getting jobs in this time of depression, I asked him, with ironical intent, what he thought of liberty. He replied: "I've never been through it; I don't drive a car." There may have been less irony in my question than in his answer. The answer, at all events, suggested that liberty is perhaps no more than a small station on the main traveled road of human history—a place which humanity passes rapidly through.

I am referring to that liberty which for the last century and a half has commonly been associated with democratic government. "It is evident," wrote De-Tocqueville in 1835, "that a great democratic revolution is going on among us." From the vantage point of 1932, we can see that this democratic revolution was the outstanding political event of the nineteenth century. During all that time the public issues which chiefly engaged statesmen were these. What is the best form of government? What are the proper functions of government? What are the rights properly reserved to the individual? How can the powers of government and the rights of the individual be definitively guaranteed in constitutional form? Between 1789 and 1871, the chief occupation of statesmen and publicists, one might almost say, was the manufacture of constitutions, the construction of locked-vaults and strong-rooms for safeguarding the rights of the individual. The emancipation of the individual from class or corporate or governmental restraint—this was the democratic revolution noted by DeTocqueville. To be a Conservative was to be, with whatever reservations, against such emancipation. To be a Liberal was to be, with whatever reservations, in favor of it.

Liberalism was the doctrine that rationalized this emancipation of the individual. In its most naive form it comes to us from the eighteenth century. In that optimistic age the middle-class man, conscious of his virtues and desiring to rise in a world in which he was repressed by royal tyranny and class privilege, naturally believed in liberty; and while the Revolution had as yet occurred only in men's minds, it seemed to him that liberty was achieved as soon as it was adequately defined: liberty—that is to say, "the right of every one to do whatever does not injure others." Meanwhile, slow-footed time brought its heavy baggage of experience. The great Revolution came, bequeathing to the nineteenth century its furious fanaticisms and hatreds, its partial achievements, its hopes deferred, its fears and disillusionments. Often checked, the Revolution was never quite suppressed; and the Liberal creed lived on, toned down by the impact of many defeats, and reduced to classic form by John Stuart Mill in his famous book "On Liberty."

In restating the Liberal creed, the hard-headed if forward-looking utilitarians of the Victorian age adapted it realistically to the needs of the business men and bankers who rode to power on the swelling tide of the industrial revolution. Liberty was still defined as the "right to do whatever does not injure others." But of the things one could do that did not injure others, not the least important, since it benefited every one concerned, was to engage in any legitimate business and make a private profit by buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market available. Free competition—this also, as well as the political and intellectual freedom, was one of the natural rights proclaimed by the great Revolution, or at least one of the privileges so clearly demonstrated by Bentham to be useful to society. At a much later date Cecil Rhodes announced that "philanthropy is all very well, but philanthropy plus five per cent is a good deal better." The impregnable strength of nineteenth century Liberalism was chiefly in this, that it recognized the high value of philanthropy plus five per cent: it united liberty and competition in the holy bonds of wedlock, made liberty useful by setting it up in business, and sanctified competition by annointing it with the incense of human freedom.

With this battery of principles, the middle and lower classes gradually edged

(*Continued on next page*)

In Modern Dress

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Newly translated into English Prose by T. E. SHAW. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT MURRAY

WHETHER defying Field Marshals, blowing up Turkish bridges, enthroning kings, or inducing camels to perform feats no respectable camel ever contemplated before, Mr. "T. E. Shaw" can be relied upon not to produce work of ordinary standardized quality, and this "twenty-eighth English rendering of the Odyssey" is considerably different from the other twenty-seven. It begins, for example, with a highly disrespectful preface, putting the author of the Odyssey in his place, and that a pretty low one. It is "Wardour Street Greek," that being the street in London famous for the sale of faked antique furniture. The book is "neat, close-knit, artful, and various; as nearly word-perfect as midnight oil and pumice can effect." It is not "great art." "In this book every big situation is burked and the writing is soft. . . The writer misses his every chance of greatness." If this is really so, one cannot help wondering why—even of late years—twenty-seven different people have taken the trouble to translate so long a bo[illegible], and indeed why Mr. Shaw himself has spent four years of loving labor upon it. But of course there are people who show their love by scolding the object of it, and I suspect Mr. Shaw is one of them.

I wonder whether "Homer" would have been more indignant at this treatment of his art, or at the labeling of his heroine as a "sly, cattish wife," his hero as a "cold-blooded egotist," and the dauntless and chivalrous Telemachus as a "prig." Mr. Shaw might have added like Anthony Ward, "N. B. This is a goak." It was a form of "goak" largely used by Samuel Butler, for example in his suggestion that the Odyssey was written by Nausicaa, who was jealous of Penelope. It is made by

(*Continued on page 284*)

This Week

OLD HOUND.
By FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

"SHERMAN: Fighting Prophet."
Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY.

"THE PENNS OF PENNSYLVANIA."
Reviewed by AMELIA MOTT GUMMERE.

"ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE."
Reviewed by PHILIP GUEDALLA.

"THE CAT WHO SAW GOD."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"GREENBANKS."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"BERMUDA."
Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"OUR NEUROTIC AGE."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"THE CAUSES OF EVOLUTION."
Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH.

THE THREE HOURGLASSES.
By DON MARQUIS.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT."
Reviewed by FRANK SWINNERTON.

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Liberalism

(*Continued from preceding page*)

their way, through many an unguarded opening, into the "political country" hitherto held chiefly by the aristocrats. If in the end the gates were opened to the common man by those within rather than forced by those without, it was not that the upper classes wanted democracy, but that upper-class statesmen could do with more votes. Yet with whatever concessions in theory or compromises in practice the democratic revolution may have been accomplished, all was still done in the name of liberty; and never was the prestige of Liberalism so high as in that age of brass and iron when those shoddy substitutes for the ideal (the Third Republic, the German Empire, the Austro-Hungarian *Compromise*, a household suffrage thrown as a sop to tenants on entailed estates) were complacently exhibited as examples of "democracy triumphant."

This Indian Summer of Liberal content was nevertheless no more than a brief season. The moment of victory was in truth the beginning of defeat, since with all the famous "liberties" formally conferred on the individual the great role of nineteenth century Liberalism was ended. When all statesmen loved the common man, sufficiently so at least to solicit his vote, and even the priests, as Georges Sorel said, "claim to be the best of democrats . . . and if a little persuasion is exerted . . . will have illuminations on the anniversary of August 10, 1792," where *then* was the enemy? The enemy appeared soon enough, but most disconcertingly: on two fronts, panoplied partly in Conservative partly in Liberal armor, and bearing banners strangely resembling both those which Liberalism had carried to victory and those others which it had trampled in the dust.

The prophets of democracy had supposed that when political Liberty appeared economic Equality would come trailing affectionately along. *Laissez-faire*, —what a wealth of subtle ployed to exhibit the so- these cleanly-kept but concepts! The prophets of democracy could not foresee that the industrial revolution, superimposed on a régime of free competition, would give to the possessors of machines and the instruments of production powers and privileges which would have reduced dead and gone kings and nobles, could they have imagined them, to envious admiration. Before the end of the nineteenth century it was clear to the discerning that liberal democracy had belied the hopes of its prophets. Liberty, that liberty which was to have enlightened and emancipated the world, had ironically given birth to a brood of mean-faced tyrants, and so far from walking hand in hand with equality was to be found consorting chiefly, and secretly, with puffed and bedizzened privilege.

The first to feel the new oppressions were the industrial workers. Sooner or later, therefore, in every country they organized political parties committed to the defence of their class interests. These new parties had all much the same practical program—to obtain for the masses a larger share of the social income. They had all much the same social philosophy: some brand of Marxian Socialism, which proclaimed the coming social revolution and the end of the competitive system. Not *laissez-faire* but socialization, not a competitive but a regulated economy, not individual liberty for private profit but restraint of the individual for the welfare of all—such was the new gospel of Socialism that arose to contend with the old gospel of Liberalism.

Confronted with the rising power of Socialism, the possessing classes closed their ranks. Landed aristocrats, recently dispossessed by the political revolution, united with the aristocracy of bonded bourgeois wealth created by the industrial revolution, to defend the régime of liberal democracy. They were now all good Conservatives since they wished to conserve the existing régime, all good Liberals since the régime they wished to conserve was the one Liberals had so long heralded and fought for. With the issue thus reshaped, with Conservative-Liberals to the Right of them and revolutionary Socialists to the Left of them, the old Liberal parties, not well knowing whether to be guided by their humanitarian impulses or by their individualist principles, could only stand irresolute, while their once loyal followers deserted to one camp or the other. This process of dissolution was well under way in continental countries before the war. In England it is more recently that the great Liberal party of Gladstone has dropped to third place. For some years now its chief function, as J. M. Keynes so aptly puts it, has been "to serve the State by supplying the Conservative party with leaders and the Laborites with ideas"; and we need not be surprised that it has at present so few of either, having in the last twenty years surrendered so many of both.

Of all the leaders thus lost to the Liberal party, the most notable is undoubtedly Ramsay MacDonald, whose career throws a brilliant light on the predicament from which all old-fashioned Liberals now strive with indifferent success to extricate themselves. Aristocratic in his avocations and in his demeanor, he lives by preference the life of a gentleman and a scholar; inheriting the Scots' canny caution and thoroughly rooted in British tradition, he understands the high virtue of compromise and has always set his face against violence, not always with pleasant consequences to himself; nevertheless, being eminently humane, he has consistently preached social reform in behalf of the poor; being eminently reasonable and reasonably ambitious, he has called himself a Socialist but risen to power as a leader of the Labor party; and yet through all the vicissitudes of an exciting career he has managed to preserve the Liberal point of view, watching his step both ways, often uncertain whether to be counselled by his conscience which bids him budge with the masses, or by the fiend who bids him budge-not with the classes: the upshot of which is that he has been three times prime minister, and today, deprived of a party, stands in splendid isolation, discreetly holding a faded Socialist flag and courageously leading a Conservative House of Commons. All this is but an abstract and brief chronicle of Liberalism in our time.

Before the war this game could be played without fatalities. The Liberals had so expertly socialized their program, the Socialists had so expediently denatured their revolutionary doctrine, that there was not between them (for example, between the Liberalism of Lloyd George and the Socialism of Ramsay MacDonald) the difference of the twentieth part of one poor scruple. But the harsh implications of anti-liberal doctrine, now fast becoming real issues, have revealed to Liberals and Socialists alike the puerility of their playboy disputes. The Marxian, communist, anti-liberal revolution has actually occurred in Russia. The Fascist, anti-liberal revolution has occurred in Italy. We have only to remove our heads from the sand to see, on the arena of western civilization, old fundamental issues clearly defined, old fundamental conflicts realistically staged: on the one side, a ruthlessly regulated economy as it appears in Soviet Russia or in Fascist Italy; on the other, a free competitive economy (made workable by whatever patchwork of socialistic devices) as it appears in Great Britain and the United States.

As the implications of these contrasted systems become more apparent, the predicament in which all Liberals find themselves (and in the Liberal camp all tepid, skimmed-milk Socialists are now huddled for shelter) becomes more acute, becomes even, if we wish to do anything about it, really pathetic. Our predicament arises from the fact that, having been long enamored of both liberty and equality, we are now ever more insistently urged (by the gods that be, those wooden-faced *croupiers* at life's gaming table) to choose between them, and the truth is we cannot with a clear conscience or a light heart choose either without the other. So we stand irresolute, pulled one way by our humane sympathies, another by our traditional ideals. As we are humane, we look with compassion on the "looped and windowed raggedness" of the poor, invoke on their behalf the sacred principle of equality, and perhaps secretly admire, at the safe distance of three thousand miles, the high Russian endeavor to realize it in practice. Yet we shudder at the thought of blood, and assure the Bolsheviks that the Great Society cannot be created by cutting off heads or suppressing freedom of speech (for which, in the distant past, so much blood was ruthlessly shed!) Although humane lovers of the masses, we are, on the other hand, highly differentiated individuals who prize our liberties, including the liberty of not belonging to the masses whom we love; and having been long unaccustomed to authority arbitrarily exercised, we hate Mussolini for the professors he has silenced, and write letters to the *Nation* protesting, in the name of liberty, against his brusk tyrannies. Yet we find it impossible not to denounce, in our own country where we are still free to denounce them, those oppressions that have emerged under the ægis of the very liberty we invoke. Choose? Oh me, that word choose! We cannot choose liberty without denouncing the drastic methods now being taken to obtain equality, or choose equality so obtained without betraying liberty.

Choose as we will or can; the event is less likely to be decided by our choices than by the dumb pressure of common men and machines. The intellectual liberty we so highly prize is of little moment to the average man, since he rarely uses it, while the liberties he can make use of are just now of diminishing value to him. Of the many liberties which, in our free democratic society, the average man now enjoys (if that is the word), I will mention the one which concerns him most. He is free to take any job that offers, if any offers; if none offers, free to look for one that will pay a bare living wage, or less: if none is found, free to stand in line begging a crust from charity, or from the government that makes him a free man. What the average man wants, more than he wants this kind of liberty, is security; and when the pressure of adverse circumstances becomes adequate he will support those who can and will give it to him. The average man likes of course to do what he pleases, but he is averse to being made responsible for what it is that he pleases to do. Instinctively suspicious of eccentricity, he is nowise irked by conformity. The equality of mediocrity gives him all the liberty he cares for really, since he is not measurably different from the great majority of people, and does not wish to be. Give him security, and within security the liberty to do and to think what most people do and think—give him bread and motor cars—and he will never know, or soon forget, that liberty has departed.

And the machines, unfortunately for us perhaps, appear to be on the side of the average man. Having invented the machines, we must make the best of them. Master them we will, no doubt. Master them we do. But a prime condition of our mastering them is that we should adapt our conduct to their necessities. To make the best use of the machines we must meet them more than halfway, since they care nothing for us while we care greatly for them. It is the machines that make life complicated, at the same time that they impose on it a high tempo; and what the machines demand of the individual living in a closely intermeshed society running at top speed is not eccentricity, however cultivated and engaging, but conformity. The idle curiosity, the mental vagabondage of the brooding, reflective mind, the machines will indeed accept, but at high discount rates only; they put a premium on the immediately realizable virtues—on promptness, regularity, precision, effortless adapability to the accelerated movement and rhythm of modern life.

Liberty is one of those magic words that have, on the world's stage, their entrances and their exits, playing meanwhile their brief parts. One wonders whether the role of liberty, in its modern mask, is nearly played out. Is Liberalism as we have understood it for a hundred years past no more than rationalization, an intellectual by-product of democracy? Is democracy itself but a passing phase, a loose and extravagant method of government, practicable only in relatively simple agricultural societies suddenly dowered with unaccustomed wealth by the industrial revolution? If so, then is equality not, as we have fondly supposed, the blood brother and indispensable accomplice of liberty? Will equalitarianism, in its turn, prove to be a new rationalization, an intellectual by-product of complex, economically interdependent industrial societies working inevitably, and no doubt impersonally, towards stability and equilibrium? To Liberals like myself these are disconcerting questions; but they are questions which, in this time of disturbance and failing confidence, the reflecting mind cannot put lightly aside.*

Carl L. Becker is professor of American History at Cornell University. He has written much on liberty, democracy, and revolution. Among his books are "The United States: an Experiment in Democracy" and "The Declaration of Independence."

Old Hound

By FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN

WITH paws in firelight dipped, and drowsy ears
He disregards the calling of the night.
The small fox runs, the hare his shadow fears,
Below the moon the wild geese wing their flight.
But under shelter now he seems content
With serene breath to lie in silken ease.
Back from the lonely forest's ferny scent,
His trail has ended at his master's knees.

He nods his proud head through a night of frost,
His twitching feet alone reveal his dream:
The whirling autumn cloud, the clear track lost,
The antlers gleaming in the mountain stream . . .
No inch of him betrays to morning skies
That hour—except his melancholy eyes.

Our Peck of Dirt

(*Continued from preceding page*)

meaning in the universe bears hard, for there is no infallible dogma of an authoritative church in which to take refuge. But escape from vulgarity and a return to high action and high passions must be at our own price.

A renaissance of the literature of dignity is surely coming which will incorporate all the new realities in which our noses have been rubbed for the past ten years. And we admit a tempered thankfulness for the honesty, the frankness, the lack of reticence, and even for the brutality and cynicism of recent American writing, since while it has left unsatisfied cravings which are as present now, though recessive, as in the age of Milton or of Browning, this same writing has widely extended the literary experience of the American imagination, and there is not much danger of building again fragile ethical structures like the poems of Longfellow, or blowing soap bubbles like the romantic novels of before the war, which had so little relation to what was actually forming in the American scene that it is hard to believe that they came from home-baked clay. For this service and because our peck of dirt is down to its last (and toughest) grains we may, by next year, be ready for thanksgiving.

* The following books bear upon the general subject of Mr. Becker's discussion:
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By LEO GERSHOY. Henry Holt & Co.
POLITICS. By HAROLD LASKI. J. B. Lippincott Co.
NATIONALISM AND THE FUTURE OF CIVILIZATION. By HAROLD LASKI. London: Watts & Co.

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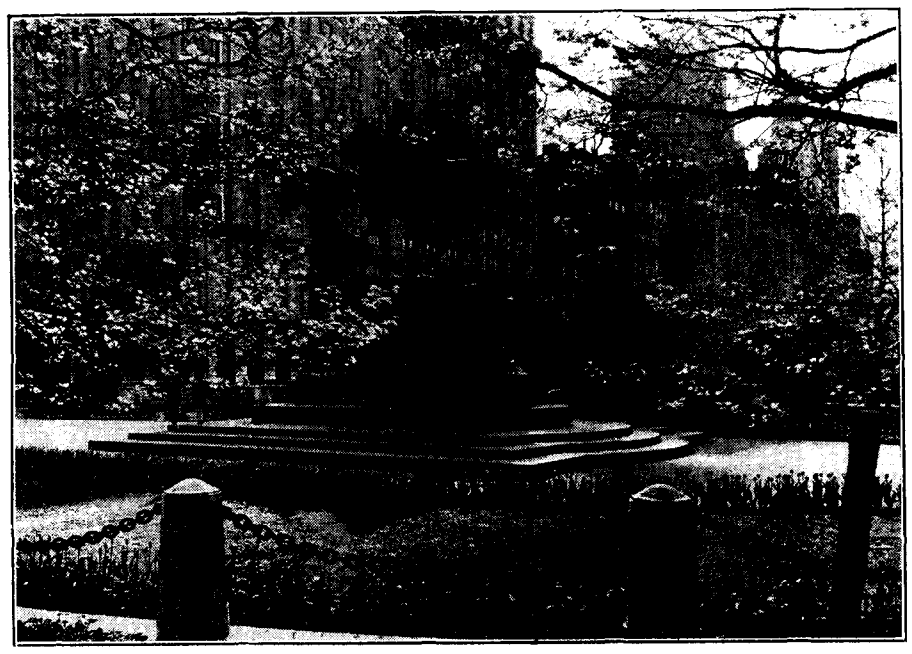

Photograph by Samuel H. Gottscho

STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN, BY ST. GAUDENS, THE PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY.

William T. Sherman

SHERMAN: Fighting Prophet. By LLOYD LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY
Dartmouth College

WHEN Captain Liddell Hart published in 1929 his very competent biography of General Sherman it seemed to this reviewer unlikely that another "life" of the general would be written for many years to come. Yet only three years have passed and now another appears; it is nevertheless welcome, for in many respects it supplements Captain Hart's book. Captain Hart wrote from the viewpoint of the professional soldier, and while his biography is by no means of the conventional military sort, its importance lies chiefly in its penetrating analysis of Sherman's strategy and achievements in the field and their relation to the problems that were agitating the nation. Mr. Lewis, on the other hand, has written from the viewpoint of the civilian. The major portion of his book is, of course, devoted to the war years, but he has given a much fuller account of Sherman's career before and after the war, and even in the war chapters the minutiæ of military operations are somewhat subordinated to the views and conduct of the general and his relations with his men. The author has utilized much hitherto unpublished material and has greatly enriched and enlivened the narrative by generous reference to regimental histories, diaries, and other memorabilia of officers and men who served with Sherman. There is almost a plethora of anecdotes, humorous comments, and bits of information designed to give zest and color.

Perhaps the chief contribution of the book lies in the part devoted to Sherman's life prior to 1861, for it has hitherto received relatively little attention except in the general's own memoirs. There was much in Sherman's experience in the South and West in the 'forties and 'fifties that illuminates the period and these sections. Furthermore, it was in these years that his views on great issues like slavery and secession matured into deep-seated convictions, — convictions that were the logical outgrowth of his training, associations, and observations. Given a knowledge of this background, Sherman's attitude on various public questions and his course from 1860 onward become more readily understandable.

Residence in the South, for example, had given him an intimate first-hand knowledge of the part that slavery played in the economic and social structure of the region, and Mr. Lewis indicates that it aroused in him a lively contempt for the Abolitionists and others who in their zeal for combating slavery endangered the integrity of the Union. While he regretted that the system had ever been instituted, Sherman wrote in 1860:

> I would not if I could abolish or modify slavery. I don't know that I would materially change the actual political relations of master and slave. Negroes in great numbers that exist here must of necessity be slaves. Theoretical notions of humanity and religion cannot shake the commercial fact that their labor is of great value and cannot be dispensed with.

As for going to war over the issue, that seemed to him utter folly. It was secession alone that prompted him to quit the presidency of the Louisiana state military college in January, 1861, and to reënter the army a few months later. Likewise it was the restoration of the Union that was his guiding purpose throughout the struggle. If emancipation was to come he wished it to be strictly incidental to the larger issue.

Again, he was too familiar with the temper and determination of the Southern people to labor under any false expectation in 1861, as did so many Northerners, as to the brevity of the contest upon which the sections were entering. Of the outcome he was never in doubt, but he did anticipate that the war would be long and terrible.

By dealing fully with Sherman's life before the war Mr. Lewis is also able to bring to the attention of his readers the striking contrast between the futility of his subject's career before 1861 and his notable successes in the field. It was the height of irony indeed that the two supreme military figures of 1865 should have been the same two dejected ex-West Pointers who met by accident in St. Louis in 1857—Sherman, out of a job, and Grant, a peddler of cordwood. Dogged by misfortune—a veritable Jonah—as a young army officer, as a banker, lawyer, and realtor, and as a schoolmaster, it was not until thrown into coöperation with Grant in 1862 that Sherman got a sure footing, regained confidence, and began the precarious ascent to national eminence. It is the emphasis upon this extraordinary human record that distinguishes the present biography of Sherman and makes it an appealing story.

In his treatment of Sherman's generalship during the war Mr. Lewis makes no radical departure from the accounts of previous writers. Like Captain Hart he stresses Sherman's appreciation of the prime strategic importance of the Mississippi Valley region in the war, and he brings into clear relief the part that Sherman played as Grant's lieutenant in the winning of the area. The description of bloody Shiloh is written in very graphic fashion and is probably the most arresting chapter in the book. In the long controverted question as to whether the federals were "surprised" at the opening of the battle, the author accepts the judgment of General Prentiss,—"We were not surprised, but we were not prepared,"—as the most convincing statement. The account of the march to the sea and through the Carolinas is very complete in detail and is made especially entertaining by the introduction of a great variety of anecdotal material, but so much contradictory testimony by Sherman's own men is offered regarding the destructive aspects of the expedition that the reader is likely to have difficulty in assessing the general's responsibility for the carnival of pillage and plunder.

Family History

THE PENNS OF PENNSYLVANIA AND ENGLAND. By ARTHUR POUND. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.50.

WILLIAM PENN, QUAKER AND PIONEER. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by AMELIA MOTT GUMMERE

THESE are days of political and literary celebrations, with George Washington and William Penn to the fore. Arthur Pound, author of "Johnson of the Mohawks" and other works, furnishes us, in "The Penns of Pennsylvania," with an excellent presentation of the ancestors and descendants of the Founder. The volume is a family history, not a biography. It is divided into three parts: William Penn, the Admiral; William Penn, Quaker leader and Governor; and a brief sketch of his sons and grandsons in their relation to Pennsylvania.

They were of good old English stock, but possessed of more family than fortune. The presentation of the Admiral, who was engaged as Captain of his vessel against the Dutch at the age of thirty-one and victor over van Tromp himself, is very fair. Even his betrayal of Cromwell, and his assistance in the return of the Stuarts, is shown as a part of the spirit of the age. Mr. Pound gives him credit for far more honesty of purpose than did his friend and companion, Samuel Pepys, who, in his famous Diary, slanders the Admiral and his "Dutch" wife at every opportunity. The wife, by the way, born Margaret Jasper of Rotterdam, was the widow of a Dutch trader in Ireland before her marriage to the Admiral. The then Captain, sailing the seas in the *Fellowship*, held his vessel until his first born was fairly launched on life's stormy way, and then proceeded to set up the family prestige, and found the family fortunes. This son, born on Tower Hill, London, October 14, 1644, destined from his youth to become Founder of a great Commonwealth, is sympathetically portrayed by the author. He well describes young William's dismissal from home, when his newly awakened conscience led him to join his fortunes with the followers of Fox. The chapter on Quakerism is sympathetic, although no Quaker could have written it. There are a few errors of fact, as shown in a failure to understand the organization of the sect; the form and legality of its marriage contract (established after a famous trial in 1661), and the statement that none of the aristocracy supported the Quakers. There were four, not three Quakers who suffered death in Boston—the only martyrs for their belief alone, that America ever had.

Trial by jury had its testing when William Penn's legal knowledge convinced his fair-minded jury that his open air preaching was not unlawful, and they brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Penn's relations with the royal family, often misunderstood, are well set forth by Mr. Pound. After the Admiral's death the debt owing to the King of £16,000 was settled by making over to his son the great province of Pennsylvania. The King required a name. "New Wales," said Penn. "A better one," replied the King, and when Penn suggested "Sylvania,"—"No; Penn-sylvania, in your Father's memory," added the King, and thus was created the beautiful name. Of that February day when he received his Charter from the King, before the Lords of Trades and Plantations, Penn later wrote,—"My God, that hath given it to me through many difficulties, will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of a nation."

A great volume of material is comprised in the writings of William Penn, whose style is often ponderous, sometimes careless, but whose matter is of the highest importance. For a brief period he withdrew into seclusion after a political imprisonment, and at this time he wrote the most purely literary of his works, the "Fruits of Solitude." To this same interval belongs (1693) the wonderful "Essay toward the Present and Future Peace of Europe," advancing the idea of a Federation of Europe two centuries before the days of M. Briand and the League of Nations. His laws, both for New Jersey and Pennsylvania, are far ahead of his time, and are a noble declaration of principle.

The heroic struggle of Hannah Penn, in the six years of her husband's helplessness before his death in 1718, and her administration until her own end; the triumphs over the cupidity of the rascally Fords and the gradual betterment of the family fortunes enjoyed by the sons and grandsons of the Founder, are all told with discriminating judgment. Christ Church, Philadelphia, holds the remains of the last Penn who governed in person,—John, son of Richard, whose tactful behavior, despite a short "exile" in New Jersey, carried him safely through the period of the Revolution, the people recognizing, as Mr. Pound says, that there "was no malice in the man."

With this statement the latest biographer of William Penn fully agrees. Bonamy Dobrée, brilliant English author of lives of Chesterfield and Wesley, now gives us this great Quaker as political leader; a politician with an ideal of perfect government in a perfect state. Seen less as religious leader, and colonizer of a community of saints, William Penn is here developed as statesman and courtier, with the honest conviction that the friendship he sincerely felt for the dissimulating and guileful King, might be the means (which, we now know, was hopeless, from the beginning), to reconcile James II and the dissenting sects. Mr. Dobrée disagrees with Mr. Pound as to the Stuart sense of gratitude for the services of Admiral Penn to the Crown. He passes over lightly what is at best, a questionable virtue in the King. The relations of the Admiral with his zealot son; the growth of that son into a Quaker leader and a familiar at the Court where he himself once figured, and their final reconciliation, are portrayed with a skill and sympathy quite lacking in the occasionally flippant narrative of Arthur Pound. The grievous disappointments and financial straits by which the ungrateful colonists of his province, and the dishonest Fords at home, burdened the Founder's declining years, are admirably treated, and if we have less of provincial politics toward the close of his life, we have a graphic portrait of the man himself in his last days. The pathos of his life is continually before us.

Here are two non-Quakers, one English and the other American, coming forward with timely publications of great interest. The critical reader will find Mr. Pound's occasional lapses into slang most distasteful. A critic with discriminating taste will also ask if there is any justification in altering a great master's portrait to accord with what the historian thinks "the essential truth of a characterization" two centuries later? These same portraits in Mr. Dobrée's volume are wisely unaltered. Withal, these two volumes are just now most welcome, and fill a gap in the history of a period too little known.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

SHERMAN: Fighting Prophet. By LLOYD LEWIS. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A biography that is at the same time a chapter of history.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated into English Prose by T. E. SHAW. *Oxford University Press.*
A translation into modern form of Homer's great epic, by Lawrence of Arabia.

THE CAT WHO SAW GOD. By ANNA KEOWN. *Morrow.*
A clever and engaging fantasy.

This Less Recent Book:

ROMAN PICTURES. By PERCY LUBBOCK. *Scribners.*
A delightful portrayal of Rome and Roman types.

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The Grand Manner

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE: Ramillies and the Union with Scotland. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT was defined once and for all, like almost everything worth defining, by Matthew Arnold. (Why we waste so much of our time in reading half-baked criticism, when we might be re-reading a great critic is one of the things that never cease to puzzle me.) The exigencies of his spanking controversy with Professor Newman on the right method of translating Homer forced him to produce a definition ; and he enunciated it magisterially with that magnificent profusion of italics, by which Victorian sages loved to enrich the printed page with the reverberation of their voices:

> I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, *when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.*

So much for the grand style in poetry. And the grand style in history? That, I think, can be defined as easily by a slight adaptation of Matthew Arnold's formula. For does not the grand style arise in history, when a noble nature, historically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject? There is no more to be said about it, since the tests afforded by our definition are almost fool-proof and may therefore be safely recommended for daily use by the most accomplished critics. Thus, if the writer under consideration discloses an unworthy (if occasionally entertaining) tendency to snigger at the past, to point a finger of polite derision at dead statesmen's failings, and to emphasize his own emotional and intellectual superiority to those about whom he writes, we may safely diagnose his nature as ignoble and conclude that his productions have no claim to associate with the grandees of history. (That disposes comfortingly at one blow of a large body of contemporary work.) Or if the writer, sound at heart, yet proves himself incapable of treating evidence impartially by reason of his prejudices or (more frequently) of his laziness, we are justified in reaching the conclusion that he is not historically gifted—and out he goes. (That exit will be crowded, too, with some of the most delightful of our contemporaries.) Or again, if he lavishes the treasures of his learning on some triviality, on the elucidation of a tenth-rate episode or the discovery of a historical nonentity (and their excessive diffidence often drives learned historians down such unworty bypaths), the tribunal will pronounce the stern sentence that his subject is not serious enough to rank with history in the grand manner. But—let me say it in italics—*when a noble nature, historically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject*, then you will get great history.

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

The phenomenon is rare enough, because the task it beyond doubt the most exacting in the whole range of scholarship and letters. For the average scholar finds it far less tiring to pass his life in the comparative ease of composing shapeless monographs and ill-written text books; and the man of letters not unnaturally prefers to spend happy days in dishing up the meagre relics of his college reading garnished with his latest prose. But if we can prevail on either of them to make the effort, if we can persuade the literary man to do a modicum of honest work at his subject or impel the scholar to desert his card-indexes, draw a deep breath, and engage in a full-dress work of history, then we may get something worth looking at; and if we are very lucky indeed, it will be great history.

That is the test through which Professor Trevelyan comes triumphantly. Historically gifted beyond all dispute, he has proposed to himself a theme that is entitled upon every count to rank as a serious subject—the reign of Anne—and he treats it with the unfailing dignity of a full-grown historian. The result, of which the second instalment is now before us, is recognizable as history in the grand style; and the most that any critic, who is not too big for his boots, can do is to hail it respectfully as such. Specialists in the Augustan age may offer, if they feel inclined, their criticism of detail; but I suspect that it is quite enough for most of us that the book has satisfied the most exacting critic of historical work upon the age of Anne—Professor Trevelyan. His Preface still awaits with slightly sardonic courtesy "the authentic Life of Marlborough," by Mr. Winston Churchill, in the interests of which the expert was denied access to the documents at Blenheim in order, presumably, that the course might be left clear for that spirited amateur. But, for most of us, the age of Anne reaches finality in the balanced dignity of Professor Trevelyan's narrative. Admirers of his rare gifts for nation-wide surveys are gratified with a performance in his best manner upon the state of Scotland at the Act of Union; and that coarse type which derives pleasure from his military history will find the thunder of his guns at Ramillies and Oudenarde as pleasant to the ear as Blenheim or the rattle of Garibaldian musketry long ago. In fine, here is a work of major scholarship that is at the same time an honorable addition to English literature. There is only one cause for regret—that the next volume will conclude it.

Wilfrid Meynell, speaking to a correspondent of the London *Observer* on Francis Thompson, whose devoted friend he was and the twenty-fifth anniversary of whose death fell this month, said:

"When his 'Poems' first appeared, in 1893, they at once had a spontaneous and cordial welcome. This man, who had no friends other than those his work had won for him, happily reversed the older traditions of early poetical neglect. Full appreciations came to him from Meredith and Patmore, from William Archer and Trail, from Garvin and Le Gallienne, from George Wyndham and Wilfrid Blunt, from Chesterton and Quiller Couch, to name no discerning others.

"There were, besides, little personal episodes that perhaps even more instantly affixed the laurels. Barbellion, in a passage held over from the 'Diary of a Disappointed man,' and appropriately included in 'Enjoying Life,' said that, despite all his sufferings, he was glad to have lived to see men fly through the air like birds and to have read the poems of Francis Thompson. And Burne Jones, saying that no words since Gabriel's 'Blessed Damozel' had so moved him as this newcomer's 'Hound of Heaven,' went on to confess that he undressed, and dressed, and undressed again—three processes he hated—not knowing what he did in those minutes of verbal intoxication.

"This sort of overwhelming individual appeal has not ceased with the growth of the poet's general popularity."

In Modern Dress

(*Continued from page 281*)

treating ancient manners as if they were modern, the truth being that while the fundamentals of human nature remain pretty well constant, the surface behavior of human beings is constantly changing. For instance, it would no doubt be tactless for a modern lady to weave her father-in-law's winding-sheet with great elaboration in the drawing-room while the old gentleman was staying in the house, and Samuel Butler pretended that it was equally tactless of Penelope. In reality it was an act of deference and attention, just as it is for a Chinese son to buy his father a handsome coffin. Mr. Shaw, of course, knows this quite well. He is, again, I suspect only disgusing his love for Penelope in one of the accepted post-war methods.

ODYSSEUS AND CIRCE

Illustration from the Emery Walker edition of Shaw's translation of the Odyssey

As for the translation itself, there is an interesting battle of taste going on at present between two styles of language. It can be seen in some new translations of the Bible. Do you want your Bible in plain English, as easy to understand as a daily newspaper? Or do you love and venerate the language of the Authorized Version both for its actual beauty of language and for its deep and moving associations? Will you sacrifice beauty for the sake of ease and clearness, or will you make an intellectual effort for the sake of retaining the beauty? "*For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I also am known.*" Thus the Authorized Version: and now Dr. Moffat: "*At present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror but then it will be face to face. At present I am learning bit by bit, but then I shall understand as I myself have all along been understood.*" Certainly much clearer, but. . . .

A case can be made for either style. Mr. Shaw lays stress on the excellence of the Odyssey as a story, "the first novel of Europe." Consequently he opts for the "straightforward" and even colloquial. A good example is in Book XV. "*But since the shadow fell on the great house, and ruffians beset it, there is no more cheerfulness in the mistress, neither kind word nor kindly deed—whereas it is the way of servants to take great satisfaction in meeting their mistress, to pass the time of day and gossip, perchance to eat or drink somewhat and carry off to their fields a trifle which warms their loyal hearts.*" This is natural and vivid narrative and perhaps more readily intelligible to an average reader than the versions of Butcher and Lang or Mr. Palmer or Mr. Mackail. Good, too are the adventure with the Cyclops, and Eumæus's story, and the fight with Irus—in all of which the plot-interest is more than the poetry. But of course a price has to be paid. One of the characteristics, and to most readers one of the charms, of the Homeric style lies in the traditional formulæ, repeated without change as often as they are wanted. But, however charming in a traditional poem, they would be tiresome in a prose story, and Mr. Shaw actually tries to get rid of them by altering the translation every time. "*Many-counselled Odysseus*" becomes "*deep Odysseus,*" "*wily Odysseus,*" "*Odysseus in his worldly wisdom,*" "*deep devious Odysseus.*" The same phrase is rendered: "*The sun went down into the sea and the streets grew obscured*"; "*Down sank the sun. The road became blind.*" "*Sundown and its darkness covered the sea's illimitable ways.*" The famous "*strengthless heads of the departed*" are now "*the tenuous dead in general,*" now "*the shambling legions of the dead,*" and elsewhere something quite different.

It is worse when Mr. Shaw deliberately turns poetry into prose. When Odysseus "*speaks wingèd words*" to the ghost of his comrade, Mr. Shaw says he "*cried sharply across.*" Where Butcher and Lang say: "Ye dogs, ye said in your hearts that I should never more come home from the land of the Trojans" Mr. Shaw prefers: "Dogs that you are, *you kept harping on your conviction* that I would never return from the Troad." Instead of "For they had been first to plot deeds of shame" he puts: "*trapping them by their own villainous example.*" Instead of "In that isle are two cities and the whole land is divided between them" he puts: "*Politically the whole island is comprised in two cities.*" Such phrases are certainly not poetry, and if Mr. Shaw feels them to be right in tone one cannot be surprised at his poor opinion of Homer's poetical power.

The upshot is that Mr. Shaw, conceiving of the Odyssey merely as a well-constructed primitive novel, has proceeded to try in his translation to make it read as such. He makes it clear. He uses ordinary newspaper language and does not mind the loss in beauty. No doubt there is some gain also. One can read stretches of it without effort, and without the feeling of vagueness sometimes produced by more poetical diction. But if I am to judge, I cannot pronounce the experiment a real success, and that for two reasons. First, the treatment does not work out right, because the diagnosis on which it is based was wrong. The Odyssey is intensely poetical; treat it as prose narrative, with all its repetitions, traditional phrases, and "Wardour Street Greek," and it would not even be good prose. Secondly, ruthless as Mr. Shaw would like to be, his heart often fails him, and he not only fails to write simple straightforward prose but actually is a little more elaborate than the twenty-seven. Where Mr. Palmer simply "*strews white barley-meal*" Mr. Shaw "*makes a heave-offering of our glistening barley.*" Where both Mr. Palmer and Butcher and Lang are content to let the ghosts drink "*the dark blood*" Mr. Shaw makes it "*storm-dark.*" That is the kind of outburst that is likely to happen when a man who really loves poetry pretends to the public that he does not.

The book is beautifully printed and got up, and certainly it makes good reading.

Gilbert Murray has probably done more to make Greek drama familiar to the present day than any man living. His verse translations of the Greek plays, as well as his essays and addresses on Greek poetry, have been the bridge by which large numbers of readers have passed into an acquaintance with the great literature of classic Greece.

The popularity of Sir Walter Scott, whose centenary is now being celebrated, may be judged from the fact that more than 16,000 people visit his home at Abbotsford every year—each paying 6d. for the privilege.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Honorable Mention

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1932. Edited by BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

THE recent development of the short story has often suggested "Examination for Young Dramatists" which once appeared in *Punch*, and which contained parallel questions for authors of the old and the new schools, namely, "What is a 'curtain', and how is it led up to?" and "What is a 'curtain', and how may it be avoided?" Since the days of O. Henry, for whom this memorial was instituted, the commercial short story has too often become, what it was already in the poorer and hastier examples of his work, an affair of formula and finish, exhibiting the greatest technical skill, but nothing in itself memorable. The more literary short story, on the other hand, in a natural revolt against this, has returned to the ideal of the *tranche de vie*, and has frequently been content, or even proud, to be something that no earlier generation would have called a story at all. It is pleasant to find that the present volume seems to show that we are coming back to the belief that a story is an excellent thing in itself, and that it is possible to avoid mechanical emptiness without avoiding plot and climax as well.

Nearly all the long stories in the book show this happy combination of strong plot interest, technique that need not disdain to be called clever, and genuine significance as well. This is especially noticeable in the prize-winning story of the year, Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét's "An End to Dreams." This contains a device which would have been a perilously edged tool in the hands of any one less an artist, for it is concluded by something that is an unabashed trick of the trade; but then the practice described in the prologue to "The Ring and the Book," the process of working gold with an alloy, and then burning out the alloy, was likewise a trick of the trade; the important thing is to know when to use it, and upon what stuff. If Mr. Benét had been working upon any base stuff, he would have blown away his whole story into nothingness; but he was working upon gold, and when he dissolves his insubstantial pageant, the character of the hero is left, firm and admirable, and the whole essence of the story appears, as an old story made to appear as fresh as an old landscape seen through an arch.

In justice to Mr. Benét, and in criticism of the judges, it should be said here that Mr. Benét has during the year had published a story, "Death in the Country," which makes no use of trickery, and which is in every way immensely superior to this "best story of the year."

Mr. William Faulkner is another of the distinguished authors who are represented in this collection. His story, "Turn About," shows him in what is to the readers of his novels a new and highly agreeable vein. He has the same painfully close grip on the reader's emotions, but this time the emotions he chooses to arouse are not pity and abhorrence, but pity and admiration. One always suspected Mr. Faulkner of a deep capacity for admiration of what is straight and strong, if only from the depth of his loathing of the crooked and crawling; but he has never before (so far as I know) allowed himself to express it. Now he has done so, and in the English boy, his hero, he has created the most moving character in the collection. Mr. Faulkner's admiration is all the more noteworthy because it is given to an example of the English public school type, the honest heir of just those aristocratic airs which Mr. Faulkner so keenly satirized, when they were affected by the American Harvardian in "The Sound and the Fury."

None of the other stories in the book shows as these do a new side to a tale or an author we knew in a different guise, and it is impossible to give them all the notice they deserve; but except for one or two which are perhaps a little too slight, the level of the collection is high, and its range is wide. The *genre* picture of a section of American life is well represented by "Big Singing,"—and by Mr. Edwin Granberry's "A Trip to Czardis," which won the prize for a short short story. "Nine Prisoners," by Mr. William March, is an effective example of the experimental story; it is a series of brief monologues, showing the effects on each of the men ordered by a superior officer to massacre German prisoners in cold blood. Among the short short stories, "Kittens Have Feathers," by Miss Evan Coombes, makes use of that most difficult form for a subtle and exquisite study in emotional cross-currents. All in all, though there is perhaps nothing this year of the very highest order, yet the average is unusually fine: and the book is recommended to those interested in short stories or the short story.

Cat and Avatar

THE CAT WHO SAW GOD. By ANNA KEOWN. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $2.50.

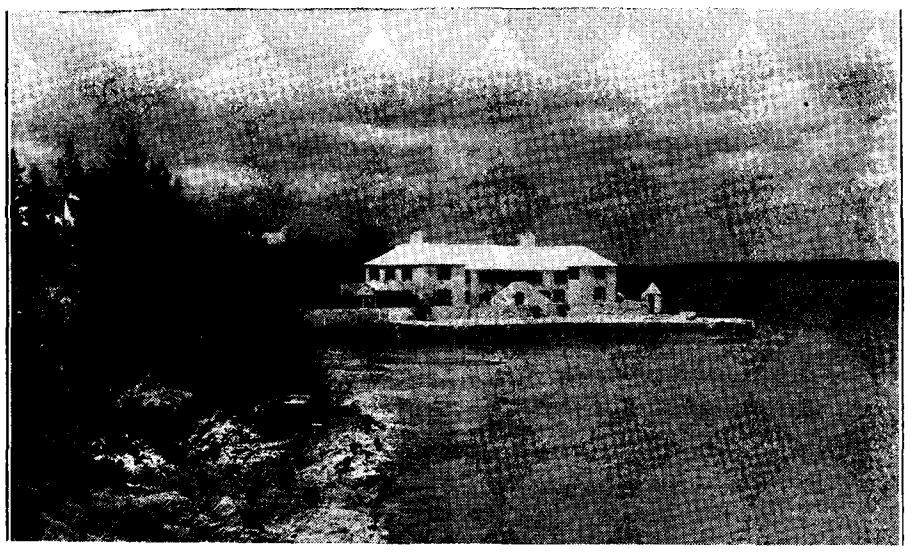
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS, as one might guess, is a pleasant, airy fantasy. It is one of those books of which it is almost sufficient to give a hint of the contents to enable readers to determine whether or not they will like it. When it is about a maiden lady of Irish birth, a pretty wit, and not too many years, who is adopted by a cat who not only talks, but talks with that lazy self-possession so eloquently expressed in the bearing of all cats, you can probably tell whether or not it is one of your books; and when you are told, besides, that the cat is a purgatorial avatar of the soul of the Emperor Nero, as yet only slightly regenerate, you must surely be able to do so.

It is the sort of engaging trifle which it is difficult to criticize without being self-suspected of the heavy handling of a butterfly. It is perhaps captious to object that the cat sometimes talks like a cat pure and simple, sometimes as Nero might be supposed to talk if (an important if) he had not happened to be a Roman Emperor, and sometimes like nothing in the world. The author may fairly retort upon us that we do not know what Nero would have been like after upwards of a thousand years of purgation, and that besides, books of this kind may make their own rules, and are to be judged only by their success.

The implied question is hard to answer definitely. "The Cat Who Saw God" is certainly much better company for an evening than nine novels out of ten; but it is not the companion of years that one makes of the great successes in the mood, of "Lolly Willowes" and "Zuleika Dobson." It is sad but true that one enjoys the beginning of it more than the end. That is almost inevitably true of fantasies —even "Zuleika Dobson" might better have remembered Mr. Weller's precept that to make people "vish there vas more of it, is the great art of letter-writing." But "The Cat Who Saw God" lets one down, not because the author is unable to sustain the mood of enchantment, but because she deliberately abandons it. She is seriously concerned with the need for more joy and less worry over one's spiritual state, as a necessity for "seeing God" in the mystic sense; and she allows herself to preach the Conviction of Sinlessness with as much conviction as any one ever preached the Conviction of Sin. A very similar philosophy was an added perfection in "Lolly Willowes," for there it was expressed with a touch even more light and quick than the rest of the book; but here the mood in which it is expressed is wrong.

But one ought not to dwell on that in speaking of "The Cat Who Saw God," for one will not remember that in recalling it. What one will recall is the scenes of pure fun, like the one where the miraculous cat confronts the entire assemblage of Anglican bishops, and discusses Hell with them, a subject on which they are professional experts, while the cat has only the vastly inferior advantage of having been there; or the passages of tender and deeply imaginative sympathy in which we are told what it is like to be a cat. If the book were all like those parts, and they are after all the major portion of it, it would be a treasure indeed.



HOME OF EUGENE O'NEILL IN BERMUDA.

"Good, Like Bread"

GREENBANKS. By DOROTHY WHIPPLE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

AMIDST the fiction of the present, so often disgruntled, so frequently strident, so not infrequently raucous, it is a delight to come upon a novel like this. For here is a tale that in no wise attempts to sugar-coat life, that admits the existence of pettiness and animosity and stupidity, acknowledges the havoc that untoward circumstance or social taboo or improvident temperament can work on character, and yet dares to make simple goodness the fulcrum of its tale.

> "Mmmm," said Charles, "the French have an expression 'Bon comme le pain.' When I heard it, I thought of you. You're good, like bread; you're essential, you know, Mother. The world couldn't get on without people like you."

The world, indeed, might be the better off for a few more Louisa Ashtons, though she was neither brilliant, nor clever, nor particularly adept in anything but the arts of affection. What she was she was by virtue of sheer goodness, by an inner compulsion of character which inclined her always towards kindliness and serenity, which instinctively arrayed her in defense of the young or the unhappy or the irresponsible, and which allowed her to distinguish between right and wrong with a terrible clarity. It is Louisa Ashton's personality which irradiates this book, and gives to the story of her children and, more especially, her grandchild, Rachel Harding, a distinction which few of the tales of family life, so numerous of late, have achieved.

Miss Whipple has been exceedingly successful in conveying the flavor of that comfortable English life which finds its focus in such a house as Greenbanks and holds its members close, no matter how far they may drift apart in interest and routine, by the bond of a common pride and allegiance. Three generations hold the stage, Louisa Ashton, the link that binds them all, her children, and her grandchild, Rachel, who, introduced into the story at the tender age of four, leaves it grown to woman's estate and vowed to the lover whom her father disdains. Through it all Louisa remains the center of attention, whether it be presiding over the dinner table, or taking her little granddaughter shopping, or showing her simplicity in the face of business problems to her pompous son-in-law, or, in her pitying tolerance, extending the hand of friendship to the woman whom others ostracize, or lavishing her love on her poor, ne'er do-well Charles and finding a noble strength with which to face the tragedy of his death in battle.

It is an admirably blocked in picture which Miss Whipple has presented, and a beautifully balanced one. Nothing is out of key. The mood throughout remains quiet, but the figures that pass through "Greenbanks" have sharpness and reality. Louisa Ashton's serenity somehow welds her little world into a compact whole; all that happens within its bounds seems inevitable and harmonious, even the discord that plays its part in the story. We read the book with delight, and reread it with admiration. It is excellent reading and excellent writing.

Prospero's Island

THE STORY OF BERMUDA. By HUDSON STRODE. With photographs by WALTER RUTHERFORD. New York: Smith & Haas. 1932. $5.

TO anyone who has been there, even in the height of the trippers' season, the memory of Bermuda must seem partly a mirage, a fantasy. From these nineteen square miles of Manhattan to those nineteen square miles of æolian limestone islands is only two days of sea—and what a contrast! But the beautiful photographs in Mr. Strode's book reassure us. Yes, Bermuda is really there, and as we remember it—the sunlight on the white roads and bronzing skins; the talcum-powder sand; the lucent green shallows, the dulcet air. The very essence and tissue of man, Dr. Crile has lately told us, is a crowd of small solar systems; within his body are sprinkled infinitesimal punctuations of stars. Those who have felt Bermuda air and sunlight had almost guessed that already.

Mr. Strode has done an admirable service in this book, which is charming and gay in text and exquisite in physique. went to Bermuda to recuperate after ness and remained three years—l enough for the Bermudians themsel justly conservative toward casual visitors, to welcome him as kinsprit. He has handsomely requited their hospitality. This is not a guide-book but an understanding essay on a little world. He writes, he tells us, "especially for him who would forget for an interval the troubled civilization of his homeland in which body and mind, and particularly spirit, have grown weary and need refreshment."

One thing Bermuda does, even for those who visit her briefly, is suggest perspective—and good manners. You divine it in that soft drowsy air (Mr. Strode rather mysteriously suggests the soporific properties of the onion crop, though he admits it has declined in late years, supplanted by a more fragrant bulb, the lily) and even in the philosophic manners of the native boatmen. It is not the reviewer's intention to plunder Mr. Strode's book of his many good stories or to lengthen the column by quoting his tempting prose. With just the right blend of geniality and scholarship he travels the islands: their hard romantic history of shipwreck, piracy and witchcraft; their social condition today, when faced by the railroad (but such a tiny one!) and the dial telephone; anecdotes of famous men who have gone there to slacken the bow of Ulysses (for instance Mark Twain, Woodrow Wilson, Rudyard Kipling) and perhaps most enchanting of all a most valuable chapter, superbly illustrated, on Bermuda architecture. So we put this volume on the shelf, joining to his leisured memories our own fragmentary glimpses—wood fires of fragrant cedar (from the coffin-maker) and the cockroaches of noble stature that join the island picnic. One small theft from Mr. Strode's pages must be allowed. When Kipling was last there he spent much time visiting the hospital, telling stories to small boys who were ill. "One little boy to whom he became very attached won his heart by putting him on his mettle. When Kipling offered to help him pass the time with story telling, the boy regarded him dubiously. 'Do you know any good ones?' he asked."

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What's Wrong With Us?

OUR NEUROTIC AGE: A Consultation. Edited by S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

TO convey an impression of the content of more than five hundred pages in less than twice as many words requires a feat of discriminating omission. This latest of Dr. Schmalhausen's symposia is called a consultation. The world—the social-psychological-political world—is the patient, and twenty-eight specialists give their verdicts. Its maladies are many; the symptoms are more than seven times seven devils, with no adequate technique of exorcism. So far as the world is "we" we wear clothes, when we should go nude; we prize chastity, which is a disqualification; we censor the obscene, confusing motives; we mobilize against alcohol, lacking the art of sober release; we are infantile in public affairs; we breed stupidly and stupidity; we mismanage our conscience; our law is sadistic; our religious life is prone to manias; our marriages are jazz episodes; homosexuality is rampant and misjudged; our parents putter and botch; our family life is a sham; our literature is psychopathic; our history is a distortion; we think crudely and viscerally; we commit suicide without discrimination; we fear death irrationally. The world is also the stage setting of our own creation. This reeks with racketeering, is caving in under the predatory excavations of capitalism, is an exhibit in the social mechanics of madness. Still more and worse, we have inverted the values of sanity and complexes, of civilization and savagery; the mind is in the breaking. The only white hope on the red jacket reads: "The neurosis of today may give birth to the culture of tomorrow."

For each phrase in this sorry sketch of the survival of the unfittest there is an essay, some with chapter and verse, others with rhapsodic denunciation and superiorly radical despair. The central clue—the *point de repère*—is neurosis; though besides the editor, only a few hold to the text. The editorial thesis makes "pathology the new normality," raising the question: "Is the normal mind sane?" We as personalities are floundering, our "spiritual" compass shattered, our maps askew, "civilization in a nose dive." It is an elaborate diagnosis and leaves slight prospect of survival in the mind of the patient if he accepts the expert findings, or any reason for surviving. Yet this searching and damaging understanding is presented as "the first and most important step toward social sanity."

The unity in so variegated a diagnostic enterprise is a common arraignment, which is hardly a basis for constructive effort. The critical reader will supply his own perspective of truth and importance; he may read for stimulation, for irritation, hardly for consolation. Since apparently no one is keeping step, the correction of faulty alignment seems hopeless; and still the attempts go on to marshal the ranks and files and direct the procession and discover its objectives, though the incorrigible optimist seems extinct, even in politics.

A distinctive mark of neurosis is the loss of perspective, whether in personal affairs or in the outlook upon the maze of forces among which the individual must find his tortuous way. One begins to question whether all the neuroticism attaches to the patient, whether possibly touches of special varieties of the universal taint may be operative among the consultants. The din of the clash of idols affords about as helpful an environment for calm contemplation and responsible reflection as a boiler factory. Too constant contemplation with what's wrong with the world may be as symptomatic as a complacent acceptance or a hypocritical pretense that all's well.

There is enough solid substance in the volume to redeem it; there is more than enough uncritical discarding to condemn it. The symposium has become a clinic. The habit of attending clinics can be overdone; it may be an index of a normal craving for experience, or it may be a catering to a neurotic tendency.

New York has a false air of solidity which deceives many persons. It is easy enough to see that Hollywood is unsubstantial; even the mountains surrounding it are quite obviously built of *papier mâché*.

They have been used as moving picture sets, and they will be used as moving picture sets again. If the moving picture industry finally moves from Southern California they will undoubtedly be taken down and moved with it.

Nobody can think of Chicago as actually existing; a person would go mad if he did; it is a grotesque nightmare, and easily recognizable as such. Paris and London are largely projections from the past with only a minimum of reality in the present. One gets that before he has been in either city a day.

But New York has so frequently the air of being real that it continues to fool millions of people throughout their lives. In truth it is the most fantastically illusive city of them all. I have heard its great veins throbbing with blood, and seen its gigantic towers of stone and steel suddenly flower with miraculous foliations. It has innumerable projections into a fourth dimension, so that one may travel upward seventy stories in an elevator, get off, step out a window, and find himself on a high plateau in Tibet.

An aviator friend of mine, who used to do skywriting in smoke, told me that frequently he has lanced right through one of the tall towers as if the tower itself were built of fog and shadow; and that often what he had written in English with his airplane would turn into Sanskrit or Hebrew in the air behind him, and now and then would sing itself away into space.

The air about New York has become so electrified by machinery and human energy that the ordinary laws of physics are sliced and ripped to tatters a dozen times a day. I remember going into a basement bowling alley one rainy evening and observing that the patrons were using their own heads to fling at the pins; the heads were cut off with a butcher's cleaver and handed to them by a gentlemanly attendant when the game began, and stuck on again afterward—one or two of them, I thought, a little askew.

A certain lamp-post, at which my little dog paused every day, became, under special conditions of humidity, a radio machine; I remember the alarm depicted on his canine face the first time he ever heard a symphony orchestra broadcasting a selection from Wagner—the ride of the Valkyries, I believe it was.

There is a peculiar condition of the mind—many of my readers must have experienced it—which I can indicate most easily by a reference to experiences of my own which through many repetitions have become familiar to me. I will be lying on my bed in the daytime, and feel a sudden impulse to turn my head towards the door. I do so. Something flicks out the door; I do not quite know what it is, but it is something. A ghost, perhaps? I should say nothing quite so tangible as a ghost. Something a trifle less material, something more like an angel than a ghost . . . or, perhaps, more like the aura of a saint. For a ghost is built of heavier stuff than either an angel or an aura, or a halo. It has, in fact, been my experience that I cannot see a halo at all, unless atmospheric conditions are exactly right; and as for taking them off and rolling them along on their edges like hoops, I never believed it could be done. But to see this Something which flicks out the door, requires, I repeat, a particular condition of the mind. I am well aware that in saying this I lay myself open to the crass jests of the ribald-minded, but I have faith that I address myself to none such in the pages of this periodical.

It is this particular condition of the mind which must be cultivated if one is to get the most out of New York. I have frequently had the notion that a number of old pagan gods, chased out of other parts of Christendom, inhabit New York City, and preside over such phenomena as I have hinted at, govern and direct these mystic transmutations. It is not so easy to determine whether these gods are informed of any ethical motive, or only amusing themselves.

Neither physical forces nor psychic powers have, necessarily, any connection with the spiritual; if you are acquainted with mediums you must know this. I have known mediums who could put me in touch with Savonarola or Napoleon at a minute's notice, who were themselves, nevertheless, confirmed gin drinkers and very untrustworthy as to financial transactions.

I shall not go into details concerning the time I saw seven silver gods, with crystal feet, walking along a lunar rainbow over the city, nor elaborate upon the statement that one time I walked out the back-door of a speakeasy in the East Forties and found myself on the deck of a dhow in oriental seas; nor descant upon the time I walked down Fifth Avenue at four in the morning playing on the Scotch bag-pipes while all the buildings danced and leapt about me like wild goats upon the mountains.

These are but minor examples of what is going on in New York all the time. If you do not see these things, I cannot congratulate you upon your blindness; but as for me, I am obliged to credit the testimony of my own eyes. Some day I intend to write an entire book about this phase of New York; it will be merely reportorial, and not imaginative or interpretative. Too many writers see a little bit of something, and then go and build an entire opus out of guess-work and speculation and fancy. The hero of the book—it will be a novel, so of course it will have to have a hero—will be the Something which flicks out the door.

Don Marquis

Evolutionary Theory

THE CAUSES OF EVOLUTION. By J. B. S. HALDANE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

IT is frequently asserted of evolution, even by biologists who hold no *a priori* prejudice, that it won't work. The issue at stake is not so much whether evolution has occurred or not, as whether a natural theory of the evolutionary process can account for all the facts. In the present brief and semi-technical volume Professor Haldane summarizes the present evidence and answers this denial.

Evolution demands, on the one hand, raw material in the form of variations in the nature of organisms and, on the other hand, a selection of these variants such that some will survive and some will not. Current ideas regarding the causes and nature of the variations on which natural selection acts differ radically from the ideas entertained by Darwin. The Lamarckian theory of the inheritance of acquired characters has been supported to date by no irrefutable evidence, and it is contraindicated by so many facts that it is not seriously considered by many biologists—although it is still affectionately mentioned as a forlorn, but not forgotten, hope. The newer science of genetics has substituted for it a process of random variation based upon extra-nuclear factors and genes, and it is with this mechanism of variation that the author is concerned. He describes briefly and as non-technically as possible the concept of the gene and its role in Mendelian heredity; the interaction of genes on the same character, the abnormal linkage of genes; the multiple representation of particular chromosomes and of whole sets of chromosomes; the phenomena of mutation, and the quite recent observations on the influence of environment upon the rate of mutation. On this basis he analyzes the intervarietal and interspecific differences in several plants and animals.

Professor Haldane has made signal contributions to the mathematical theory of selection in Mendelian populations and he is therefore particularly well fitted for the discussion of the process of natural selection. He treats this subject summarily in the text and in mathematical detail in an appendix to the book. Out of his analysis he concludes that natural selection is a reality and that the process of variation, though different from what Darwin believed it to be, is yet such as to yield a raw material on which natural selection can work. But he emphasizes that our view of what is selected, or possesses advantage in relation to the enormous complexity of the organism's life and environment—in short, of what fitness is—must be broadened to include adaptations much more subtle than the crude types of interaction between organism and environment usually noted in this connection.

In regard to the evaluation of evolution as a whole, if we explain it in terms of the capacity for variation inherent in individual organisms and the selection exercised on them by their environment, then this self-contained description excludes the intervention of a mind higher than that of the evolving individuals, except in so far as such a mind is concerned in the general nature of the universe and its laws. But, on the other hand, the author holds, the individual mind, although a product of evolution, may in the future accumulate the necessary knowledge to enable it to direct the evolutionary process and perhaps even increase its speed. This honest, monistic philosophy is shared by many, but not enough, biologists of the day.

"There cannot be many persons living," says the London *Observer*, "who addressed the British Association forty-four years ago, but one of them is—of all people in the world—Mr. Bernard Shaw. It was at Bath, on September 7, 1888, that he discussed before the Economic Section 'The Transition to Social Democracy'; the paper is reprinted among the 'Fabian Essays' in the new edition of his works."

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The BOWLING GREEN

Translations from the Chinese

IGNOTUM PRO PERICULO

THE mounted cop on 45th Street
Sidles his fine horse
Round a little delivery tricycle
Letting him toss and caracole
Until he gets the idea
It's not really dangerous.

And I've seen also sleek proud critics
Shy and bridle and step sideways
Blowing their nostrils with suspicion
At some new vehicle of art
Of an unfamiliar shape.

HE KEEPS MOVING

I've always been curious (said the Old Mandarin)
About armored trucks,
But I've never really had a good look at one;
I don't suppose I ever will.
When I wish to pause and examine them
Some instinct of caution
Moves me on.

SUBPOENA

Greeting! the letter began,
And I thought, how wrong to believe
That Americans are discourteous.
I read further:
It was from The People of the State of New York,
They said, *We command you*
That all business and excuses being laid aside. . . .
And I discovered that a printer
From whom I had ordered one casual volume
Now sought to prove me liable
For a whole de luxe series.

EMBARRASSMENT IN A FISCAL TROUSER

When I abandoned my Eastern robes
I learned that trousers
Have their drawbacks.
For when my impoverished friend
Said, Lend me a Dollar,
I replied sombrely: I've got exactly two bucks,
I'll split with you;
And I went down into my jeans.

Then I remembered:
In that pocket were two clean Ones
Folded tightly together,
But also two magnificent Tens
For I had cashed a check
To meet urgent needs.

The two little wads felt just alike,
Which would my hand bring up?
If the Tens emerged should I feign amazement
And the sudden death of an Ancestor?
Apprehensive, I drew out the engravings—
It was the Ones
And I say to myself, like your Western gamins,
Gee, what a break.

Under the copious gowns of the East
Such little moments of fiscal uncertainty
Are graciously concealed.

PROBLEMS OF TRADE

An advertisement in the *Publisher's Weekly*
Advises the wary bookseller
To put *Wah' Kon-Tah* (that fine book about Indians)
Conspicuously on the counter
"Where customers can point to it
If they hesitate to pronounce the title."
But if customers are so bashful
What can the wretched pharmacist do
About that new antiseptic
Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37?

JACK BE NIMBLE

Near and nearer, this season of outgo
(Cried the deflated old Mandarin)
Comes my 5000th check
On the Prune Exchange Bank.
O times of flush and times insolvent,
How many joys and necessities,
How many grunts and gripings
Are recorded in this manuscript serial.
These are my memorial,
O complicated civilization,
These 5000 transfers
Of arduous kale.
Surely some ritual of achievement
Should solemnize
The 5000th check.

SCIOLIST

The learned behaviorist
Who had lectured for twenty years
At the Imperial University
On Analytical Gynosophy
And Predicated Stimulus and Response in Woman
Met a young wench at the Feast of Lanterns
Who proved him cockeyed
In thirty minutes.

ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL

In your country, pondered the pensive Old Mandarin,
Chow dogs are valued as social ornaments,
Bred as pets for beautiful ladies.
In China you find them
Hung up in the meat-shops
On sale as food.

Many a social favorite
Remains a favorite
By staying a long way
Away from home.

SAM SINGER

The taxi-driver was singing in his cab.
("California, Here I Come")
Feeling good, Sam?
Rotten. I was singing because I'm hungry,
I ain't had my supper yet.

I used to make 40 to 50 a week,
Now I got to get by on 18 or 20.
I need some warm underwear pretty bad,
It gets cold in the cab at night,
But the wife and I was figuring today.
We can spare about 5 bucks
And the baby (she's five years old)
Needs a coat.
I got an old jacket
I can put on under this one,
And listen, buddy,
Believe me I ride a lot warmer
When I know the kid's warm
And looks decent.

WEIGHING MACHINE

1c CORRECT WEIGHT, THE DATE, YOUR FORTUNE—
The coin rang, and a printed ticket
Said 190, *You are very self-contained*
And though not unsociable
Happiest when alone.
Ah, too much weight, too little fortune,
But how did the machine
Know I was coming?

ICI ON PARLE . . .

Trying to talk a foreign language
I speak in faulty accent
And get all subjunctives wrong.
What wonder if I err
In the most alien tongue of all,
The Truth.

INCOGNITA

All afternoon I was plagued
By a strong sweet perfume
An aroma of amour, unaccountable,
That seemed to be part of me,
On my fingers and in my clothes.
I, the old anchorite, wondered much,
And found myself thinking impossible thoughts.
At last I diagnosed this influenza of musk:
It exhaled from a casual folder of matches
Which I had picked up in a tea-shop.
It was inscribed *Harvard Club of New York, Ve-Ri-Tas.*

O unknown Lucifer of Harvard,
Who is the lady who smells so sweet
That you keep her supplied with your matches?

OLD STROM

I remembered then
Felix Riesenberg's story of Old Strom
Grizzled quartermaster on the liner *St. Louis*
(Have you forgotten the smart *St. Louis*
With her trim lines and two slender funnels?)
Old Strom made one voyage as a deck steward
Then he begged to return to the wheel.
"I'd rather not be tucking ladies into them chairs;
I don't like the smell of them ladies;
They all smell different:
It's unnatural."

BOOKS IN THE DARK

Suddenly I thought of all my books
Locked up in a house in the country.
Darkness and cold creep in
Between the bravest pages.
Do you miss the lamplight, William Hazlitt?
Do you remember me at all, John Donne?

THE FOLDER

CHERUB

SIR:—Who among the Green's clients has the great-heartedness to rescue the poor, forlorn cherub, sitting now these many weary weeks in the echoing vastness of the Army Supply Base and wistfully contemplating the thousands upon thousands of cigarettes, the cars, the trucks, the gats, the lingerie and toilet water, to say nothing of the dozen baby carriages, the "2 pcs. salami" and the "1 French dictionary and 3 pcs. candy"?

BOB LEAVITT.

Mr. Leavitt encloses the extraordinary list (advertised in the *Herald Tribune* under "Legal Notices") of merchandise seized for violation of the U. S. revenue laws. Yes, there is the entry, "1 cherub," among many other incongruities. The catalogue is signed by Mr. Philip Elting, who very reasonably describes himself as Collector, and among the curiosa he has collected are:—

1 book marker, 6 bibs, 1 religious art., 1 roulette wheel, 1588 cigarettes, 3 diapers, 1 beverage set, 1 Studebaker sedan, 1 raw skin, 1 lot marijuana weeds, 4 novelties, 8 bxs snuff, 2 elephants, 54 doz. hairsprings, 2 daggers, 1 pr sandals, 1 wood platform on rollers. . . .

These, and much else (including the Unclaimed Cherub) "will be sold at public auction at the Seizure Room, Army Supply Base, Brooklyn, on Thursday, December 15, 1932. This sale will begin at 10 A.M."—Kinsprits to the rescue! Get the Cherub out of the Army Supply Base for Christmas.

"The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan" quote Theodore Dreiser as saying: "What I am still looking for, in the midst of all this success that seems to have come to me, is some little greasy one-horse publisher who wouldn't know a mahogany desk if he saw one but who has a high and very real love for literature and who will let me talk with him through the nights of all that is in my mind and heart. I am sick of these business-men publishers with their offices that look like the *Ile de France*."

"Apart from the necessity of replenishing his stock by attending sales and buying books; the wearing task of looking narrowly at larcenous fellow-creatures; the pangs that it must cost him to sell the books that he wants to keep; and the attacks made upon his tenderer feelings by unfortunate impoverished creatures with worthless books to sell; apart from these drawbacks, the life of a second-hand bookseller seems to me a happy one."—"Over Bemerton's," by E. V. Lucas.

Some one has stolen one-third of the original manuscript of Scott's "Guy Mannering" now on exhibition at Columbia University. Some one ought to steal at least one-third of the original manuscript of nearly every contemporary book before it goes to the printer. Our literature runs too much to bulk.—*N. Y. Times.*

SIR:—I noticed just around the corner from you a piece of commercial candor which is too good to go without public appreciation:

"After seventy-eight years of honorable dealing, now comes S. Baumann & Bros's great half million dollar furniture disposal sale."

I also noticed that the *New Yorker* took a dirty crack at you in connection with the Waterman autograph contest. I was under the impression that you were nearly sinless in that respect, and if I am right then you have grounds for a snappy comeback to the editor. E. S. C.

I didn't see the *New Yorker's* crack, so I can't very well retrocrepitate. But in re Mr. Waterman's egging on children to write to authors for signatures, I stated in this paper that I thought it a gross imposition on the good nature of hard-working people. To this comment Mr. Waterman made grieved reply: he was surprised that America's Writers grudged this little service for the younger generation; but if anyone was seriously discommoded by appeals, he would lend him some sort of centipede machine—called, I think, a pantagraph—which would make 100 signatures at once. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Writers Who Live On

Introduction to Balzac

HONORÉ DE BALZAC: A Force of Nature. By EDWIN PRESTON DARGAN. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1932. $1.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

TAKING as his sub-title the famous phrase whereby Michelet described Dumas the Elder (a phrase so well known that its source need not be indicated), Edwin Preston Dargan, professor of French literature at the University of Chicago, has written a small book of less than ninety pages which is neither a biography of Balzac nor a detailed critical study of his work, but rather an amiable and serviceable introduction—compacted of essential biography and a modicum of criticism—to the vast, sprawling, and uneven world of the "Comédie Humaine." No new light is thrown on Balzac's life; and Professor Dargan's critical dicta, however personal an expression they may be of his experience of Balzac's writings, are not unorthodox. Nor is the author's complete surrender to his hero a unique gesture; many good Balzacians before him have similarly abandoned themselves to the same worship. We recognize the voice of the cult when we read:

> Honoré de Balzac became what he set out to be—the Napoleon of the novel. In the roll call of fiction his name leads all the rest; and it is questionable whether in the long past any writer of tales surpasses him in caliber and scope.

And again:

> In every way he seems extraordinary and dominant. The man was essentially *great.* First of all, he was endowed with an uncommon physique. Hence he led a great life—and became a great lover.

But at this point we are tempted to ask, why "hence"? There have been many men of uncommon physique whose lives have not been great, and who have not become great lovers.

At the very outset, indeed, Professor Dargan exposes his weakness: he would claim too much. Not content that his hero should be acknowledged the Napoleon of the novel, he would also convince us that he was a mighty champion in the lists of Venus, when, according to evidence with which the professor is as familiar as anyone, he was nothing of the kind. Dumas can truly be called a great lover, in the vulgar sense of the phrase; but in no sense is the phrase applicable to Balzac, unless we believe that an indefatigable writer of love letters—a correspondence lover—should be called great. Take the three principal women of his life: Mme. de Berny was more of a mother than a mistress; the Marquise de Castries made a fool of him; and Mme. Hanska, possibly with the best but certainly with the vaguest intentions in the world, made an even worse fool of him. Surely his performance with none of these women shows him in the role of a great lover. As for his light ladies, they were neither so numerous as Dumas's, nor did they play in his life a part as important as that which they filled in the life of the gross Alexandre: even with them he was not great.

It would be idle to quarrel with Professor Dargan on this really unimportant point were it not, as I have said, indicative of his tendency to claim too much; and were this tendency not dangerous to the accomplishment of his own purpose, in that it prepares for disappointment the readers he would send to Balzac with hot enthusiasm. The tendency is betrayed by what Professor Dargan does not say, as well as by what he does say. He would, for example, have done his author a service rather than a hurt if he had underlined the fact that Balzac was utterly devoid of literary taste and the faculty of self-criticism; for he would thereby have prepared readers for the inequalities of the "Comédie Humaine," for its lapses into absurdity, stupidity, and melodramatic nonsense. I am not referring to the fact that Balzac began by imitating the worst possible models, but to his inability ever to distinguish good work from bad. He might "people planets" of his own, but this he was never to learn how to do. Gourmont has stated the case succinctly, with an apt example:

> Jusqu'à la fin, le génie de Balzac restera oscillant; son imagination, qu'aucun goût ne tempère, l'emportera trop souvent, et il écrira, la même année, cette niaserie, "Ferragus," et cette belle chose, "Eugénie Grandet." . . . La vie littéraire de Balzac fut une perpétuelle lutte contre les mauvaises influences, comme sa vie sociale, contre les mauvaises fortunes.

But Professor Dargan exhibits no other fault than the venial one of over-enthusiasm; he is erudite, charming, terse, and persuasive, and I know of no better brief introduction to the Balzacian world than the one he has knowingly and lovingly prepared. His suggested sequence of readings from the "Comedy" will prove helpful to those who have turned away from Balzac because they were never quite sure where to begin; and his brief list of books on Balzac will guide readers desirous of more information regarding the author and the man than could be crowded within the compass Professor Dargan has allowed himself.

The Modern Library

THE Modern Library has just issued three publications of unusual interest. One is perhaps the most monumental of all attempts to study and analyze the past, another the most momentous analysis and prophecy of the future, and the third perhaps the most delightful single book in English.

At last Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is obtainable in a form which is not only reasonable in price but easily handled and adapted to the reduced shelf room of modern home libraries. The new "giant format" of The Modern Library enables these enterprising publishers to give us a complete and unabridged Gibbon in two volumes. One can only wish that the appendix to Gibbon, using the rapidly increasing information as to the history of Byzantine culture, much of which and particularly that derived from modern archaeology was unknown to Gibbon, could have been added to these excellent volumes. But this appendix is as yet not written. There are unfortunately a number of typographical errors in this otherwise very satisfactory edition.

A tiny book by comparison, but world-shaking in its subject matter, is Karl Marx's "Capital, The Communist Manifesto and Other Writings," edited for The Modern Library with an introduction by Max Eastman and containing also an unpublished essay on Marxism by Lenin. "Capital," now made easily accessible is of the first importance and not the least for the many talkers and writers who discourse so aptly of Marxism without ever having read the program of Marx himself. The whole of the 2200 pages of "Das Kapital" is, of course, not reproduced here. Instead the editor presents the rearrangement and condensation of Julian Borchardt who took the two posthumous volumes with their repetitions and introduction of material essential to the understanding of the first volume, which was the only one published in Marx's lifetime, and made what amounts to an excellent précis of the whole work in some 400 odd pages. This Modern Library book, then, gives the essence of Marx with some intelligent and important comments on his significance and interpretation today.

The third of these publications is a well printed edition of Charles Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," a book which will live as long as Gibbon and may outlast any formulated social theory, whether by Marx or another.

With the arrival in Washington recently of the Luther Bible belonging to Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, the capital boasts the two books considered by bibliophiles as rarest, according to a dispatch to the New York *Times.* "First rank," says the paper, is accorded the Gutenberg Bible, belonging to the Library of Congress, for which the Benedictine Monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia, Austria, received from Dr. Vollbehr the highest price ever paid for a book —$375,000.

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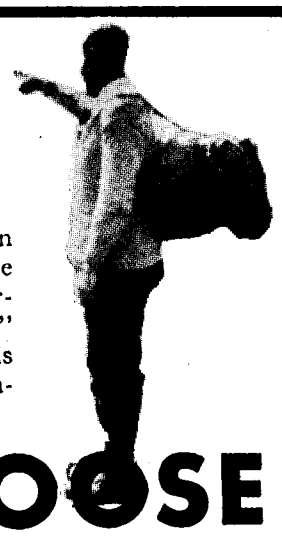

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The Genesis of the League

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IDEA. By THEODORE MARBURG. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. 2 vols. $8.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. SHORT

THESE volumes make available the first important body of information regarding the genesis of the League of Nations and its Covenant. With Hamilton Holt, William B. Howland, and John Hays Hammond, Mr. Theodore Marburg was a host and convener of a group of political and social scientists who, in a series of four dinners at the Century Association in New York, worked out the proposals of the League to Enforce Peace during the early months of 1915. Later as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Organization of the League to Enforce Peace, he had occasion to carry on for five years a vigorous correspondence regarding those proposals with leading thinkers and public men in many nations. He was also chairman of a study group that throughout the whole of 1917 worked at the task of expanding the four articles of the League to Enforce Peace into a detailed plan that became the principal source of suggestion for schemes drawn up in other countries and finally for the League of Nations Covenant at the Paris Peace Conference. The results of his work in these three important capacities appear in these volumes.

There are several other collections of material covering the same subject and period that when published should supplement the Marburg volumes in important respects. The Dutch Anti-War Council, the Bryce-Dickinson group, and the League of Nations Society—the latter two in England—were working on plans for a League contemporaneously with the American group. Their records should be of special importance. The then secretary of the Interparliamentary Union, Christian Lange of Norway, must have important correspondence. Then there are the records of the League to Enforce Peace and the correspondence of its chief officers, William Howard Taft and A. Lawrence Lowell; the official groups that in Washington, London, Paris, Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries began to study the bases for a League after the voluntary groups had led the way must have accumulated important records. In view of the history made and to be made in the field of international organization and coöperation, it is to be hoped that the custodians of these materials will follow Mr. Marburg's lead and make them available to the public.

The present reviewer, who as Secretary of the League to Enforce Peace was in intimate touch with the League movement throughout the whole formative period, is of the opinion that the Marburg volumes will remain the most important single source of information regarding it. As chairman of foreign organization, Mr. Marburg was in position to profit from the extraordinary readiness of the world, during those years, to listen to American leaders. His interests and training had fitted him to think clearly and constructively on international questions. The diligence and loyalty with which he devoted himself to the League idea as a safeguard against future wars could not have been surpassed. His rigid adherence to a minimum program saved him from being sneered at as a peddler of utopias. To one who knew much of his activities, through working hand in hand with him during the entire period, these volumes are still a revelation as to the reach of his influence and the skill of his diplomacy.

The Marburg volumes are rightly entitled "Development" rather than "Origin" of the League of Nations Idea. As Marburg himself does not fail to point out, following the outbreak of the world war "there were literally dozens of suggestions looking to a better world organization" to say nothing of earlier schemes. A suggestion of this nature had already come from the New York Peace Society. One of its Vice Presidents, Senator Elihu Root, during the first week of the World War had advised it through its Secretary, the present reviewer, to devote its energies during the war to the promotion of a League of Nations. Such a league, he said, was the only possible compensation for the tragedy of the war. This advice had been acted upon. During the autumn of 1914 a committee of twenty-three of its officers had worked out a plan similar in substance to the four articles later agreed upon at the Century Association conferences and during Christmas week had offered to Ex-President Taft leadership of the movement that he finally accepted when, at the last Century Association dinner, it was again pressed upon him.

Eight of the twenty-two Century Association conferees, including Hamilton Holt, were officials of the New York Peace Society and were familiar with its plan. It is not to be assumed, however, that the presence of this group was the sole reason for the likeness of the plans. Closely similar schemes were being worked out at the same time independently by both the Dutch and the English groups. The times were ripe for world organization and the common genius and experience of the Northern peoples all pointed in one general direction as to the form that organization should take.

The chief value of the Century Association effort was its method, due to Marburg—first, to thrash out a desirable program through the efforts of a group of scientific and professional men and, second, to invite men of practical experience (of whom Mr. Taft was chief) to criticize and reduce this to an attainable program. It was undoubtedly an advantage also, in those early months of the war, that these later conferences were free from any direct peace society taint. When the invitation went out for the organization meeting of June 17, 1915, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, signed by a Provisional Committee of One Hundred eminent citizens headed by Mr. Taft, it was able to assemble a group from all parts of the nation that conservative men pronounced the most distinguished in which they had ever sat.

The proposals of the League to Enforce Peace are available in every library and do not need to be discussed here. But as certain important features of the League of Nations movement have nowhere else been brought out so clearly as in the Marburg letters, they should have brief mention.

First among these come the principles that underlay the movement in which Mr. Marburg was a leader. They generally represented not only his own views but those of his colleagues. The most important are these—

a. As only free nations could be trusted in world council, the first step towards a League of Nations had to be the destruction of German militarism and the establishment of democratic institutions in that country as the free choice of the German people themselves.
b. That it would be futile to undertake to establish international government at one stroke, even if it were desirable; and that proposals for a League should, therefore, be limited to the minimum requirements of a workable organization.
c. That in order to assure justice and avoid despotic use of power, the small enlightened nations ought to be admitted to membership in the League, to supplement and restrain the influence of the great powers.
d. That the necessity for prompt action against an outlaw nation that began war contrary to the covenants of a League, made it necessary to pledge the nations to immediate action in case of aggression, and to limit membership in the executive body (the Council) to the large nations with sufficient military power to act effectively.
e. That reduction of armaments would come only as a League, through a period of time, demonstrated its ability and will to provide justice and security; and that it was, therefore, futile to make disarmament a matter of immediate concern.

It has not yet been proved that any one of these principles was unsound.

The propaganda objectives sought by Mr. Marburg also merit attention. Up to the point of carrying the United States straightway into the League—a thing that from the start was recognized as the most difficult and problematical with which the movement had to deal—the League to Enforce Peace was phenomenally successful in achieving its purposes. What were they and how did it go about them?

Its first objective was to lead the principle nations of the world to commit their countries to membership in a League of Nations. To this end leading statesmen, especially President Woodrow Wilson, from the very beginning were kept in-

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formed regarding the movement. The creation of national organizations led by men of ministerial or ambassadorial rank in each nation was stimulated. At every opportunity throughout several years of untiring effort, commitments of statesmen and of governments to the League idea as the one adequate compensation for the losses and sufferings of the war were skillfully angled for. To further this purpose, it was proposed at various times to send the President of the League to Enforce Peace, Ex-President Taft, as an unofficial ambassador to Europe. But President Wilson opposed this, and it proved to be unnecessary. The powerful leadership of the war President induced Switzerland, then the Allies, and then the leading neutral nations to espouse the League. The hope of obtaining legislative commitment to a League from the American Congress was dashed by the opposition of President Wilson who feared the discussion it might arouse—he fatally overestimated his power to dominate an uncommitted congress at the end of the war.

The second objective was to lead the nations to frame and agree upon detailed plans for a League before coming together at a peace congress. It was in pursuit of this objective that the private study group worked for a year under Mr. Marburg's leadership. It was not completely successful in this endeavor, due largely to the unsympathetic attitude of President Wilson who felt that discussion of details might divide those who were united by the idealistic proposal of a League as the object for which the Allied armies were fighting. It is an interesting subject of conjecture as to what effect on American membership in the League a more carefully drafted and discussed covenant might have had.

Mr. Marburg's third objective—one in which few of his colleagues joined with enthusiasm—was to get the League established by the allies during the war. It was probably an error of judgment. President Wilson opposed it firmly and the effort was abandoned.

The final objective was to secure support for a League in the principal countries, especially in the United States. With the campaign of education carried on in this country, the present volumes do not deal. They do give an interesting revelation, however, of the way in which leadership in the various countries—always by men of high rank, as already suggested—was patiently sought out and assisted. To this end the literature of the League to Enforce Peace was translated and printed in French, Spanish, Italian, and German editions, and quantities of the regular editions sent into the English speaking countries.

Without doubt the most significant revelation of the entire correspondence is the rift that gradually opened up between Europe and the United States as to the powers of the league to be formed. The cloud was at first as small as a man's hand, but it ultimately became a world-devastating tempest.

The American group, with an eye on the Senate, put forth an exceedingly restricted formula. It provided for the growth of international law, and for the establishment of two world institutions —a judicial court for justiciable questions and a Council of Conciliation for all others. It proposed to enforce submission of all disputes, but not acceptance of verdicts or recommendations. After submission and rendering of verdict by Court or recommendation by Council, the disputing nations might legally go to war if they were still determined to do so. More than this was considered desirable but not practicable.

An early conference Marburg had with Sir Edward (now Lord) Grey, found him willing to enforce decisions of a World Court. The Bryce-Dickinson group stood with Grey in this matter. The League of Nations group in England added to enforcement protection against attack by non-members of the League—"we are in advance of you in these respects," is the way they put it. The Dutch group, backed by the Scandinavians, wished to add plebiscite before session of territory, limitation of armaments, and democratic control of foreign policy. The French "Society of Nations" group, apparently reflecting the position of their government, wrote Marburg "(We are) going much further than you and believe that the time is ripe for larger results." They therefore, proposed many features of a world government. Marburg, aghast at its impracticability from the Senate standpoint, replied that "our programs are at opposite poles," and refrained from entering into detailed discussion with them.

By this time, illustrative of the fact that extremists, because they want so much more than can be had, are generally in practical alliance with standpatters who want nothing at all, the pacifists and idealists had raised a hue and cry against the League to Enforce Peace because its proposals permitted war after refusal to accept verdict of Court or advice of Council.

Against Marburg's judgment and restrained protest, the League to Enforce Peace enlarged its proposals to take in enforcement of court decisions, consultation of governments with a view to united action in case of refusal to accept a recommendation of the Council, and protection against attack by non-members of the League. These were concessions both to European opinion and to views that President Wilson was known to hold.

The League Covenant took shape along these broader lines. It propably had to be—world opinion demanded it. It is uncertain whether a League with the restricted objectives originally proposed would have been accepted by any European nation. It was probably better that America should stay out for a time than that the larger plan should be whittled down.

There followed much justified rejoicing that the one compensation that seemed important enough to justify the awful war had been obtained. The years of effort for a League had triumphed. The war-to-end-war had succeeded.

But a contest over the new-born League arose in the Senate. The Republican minority, with a few exceptions, refused to ratify without reservations that seemed to many destructive. President Wilson from his inaccessible sick bed forbade the Democratic majority to vote for other than unconditional ratification.

Then followed a distressing, though natural, disagreement among the League supporters as to the best way in which to get ratification. Mr. Root stood with Senator Lodge in opposition to Article 10. Mr. Taft and the majority of the League supporters, although preferring the Covenant as it stood, felt that it would be better to accept the minority reservations, than not to ratify at all. A minority, including Marburg, stood with President Wilson for a whole loaf or none. So ratification was lost and the United States withdrew into isolation, perhaps for a generation. Wilson's faithless successor in the White House pronounced the League dead and did nothing to redeem promises made to the Republican friends of the League. The new Secretary of State, who as a Presidential candidate in 1916 had been unqualifiedly for a League, was not now able even to pronounce its name.

Most thoughtful observers of the League during its dozen years of work for world reconstruction and peace will to-day agree that Senate fears were groundless. Probably all will agree that the nine-tenths of a loaf offered by the Senate minority was all the bread needed to enable the United States to take the effective part in world counsels that its own and the world welfare demanded. In the most severe and prolonged financial depression the world has known, we are experiencing the results of this titantic struggle, enjoying the "normalcy" promised by Harding and his irreconcilable masters.

The correctness of Marburg's judgment but not his high mindedness in this final episode of ratification may be questioned. Readers of the volumes will, however, find few occasions for questioning the soundness of his opinions. The verdict of history, this reviewer is confident, was set down by Franklin H. Giddings when, in anticipation of the event he wrote to Marburg in December, 1918—"When the League is formed as one day it will be, the world will be heavily indebted to you for the time and the patient thinking that you have put into the problem."

William H. Short was secretary and member of the Executive Committee of the League to Enforce Peace from 1915-1923, and Executive director of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association from 1923-1925. He has been a delegate to international peace congresses, and was intimately associated with Mr. Kort and Mr. Marburg in the peace program of which the author writes.

Mrs. B. E. C. Dugdale, a niece of the late Earl of Balfour, is writing his Life. It will probably run to 400,000 words. She has already edited and published as much of the autobiography as he had finished before his death.

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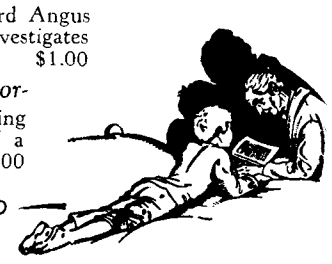

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To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

My dogmatic taste was rather sharply offended by the dogmatic dish presented me by Jonathan Daniels in his review of Austin Clarke's "The Bright Temptation." I find great difficulty in "stomaching" some of the statements of the reviewer and the reviewed.

I infer from Mr. Daniels's comments that he is alluding to dogmas of the Catholic Church. Since when has it been a "priestly dogma" of the Catholic Church that the "beauty and joyousness of the earth" are taboo? One who believes that might just as well accept as history the fable of the Popess Joan.

It is a true Catholic dogma that man's body is a gift of a beneficent God and as such is good. The pleasures of the body, consequently, are not wrong in themselves, nor are they ugly and contemptible.

Moreover, Catholic dogma does not disparage the beauty and joyousness of the earth. It teaches, rather, that all of creation with its tapestry of natural charms, childish laughter, friendship's sweetness, lover's ecstasy, proceeds from the hands of a bountiful Father and is inherently, intrinsically good. Nowhere does the Church teach that "life and flesh are ugly and contemptible."

True it is, Catholic theology teaches a primal fall, but that did not corrupt man's human nature,—it broke down the harmony between body and reason. "Priestly dogma" insists that it is the misuse of nature's bounties, not the use, that is harmful. And that doctrine is not Puritanical,—a truth, which I believe Mr. Daniels can discover, if he cares to linger over the history of countries with an inherited Catholic tradition. He may find that the Church was the deadliest enemy of the Albigenses and Cathari, whose tenets he seems to ascribe to their opponent.

Jonathan Daniels and Austin Clarke miss the true character of Christian asceticism. Asceticism is essentially a higher way, a path to the mountain of spiritual converse with God. It presupposes the goodness and loveliness of the earth and forsakes them only for a higher joy. I wonder, can either of these writers show me where the ascetic, St. Francis of Assisi, taught that life and nature and beauty are "ugly and contemptible"?

Is it not a truism to state that the beauty of nature, the joys of the human heart, have found their sublimest realization and loftiest conception in the music, architecture, literature, and art, inspired by Catholic dogma?

WM. A. HUESMAN.
St. Mary's College, Kansas.

English Villages

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: My wife and I are grateful for the Bowling Green's allusions to Bartholomew's maps and to bicycling in England. I used Bartholomew county maps for a nineteen-day cycling tour in the west of England, a September tour with only two really rainy days, and one of these came on a Sunday when I was perfectly content to rest quietly in a N. Devon village. That village, incidentally, was Georgeham, the original of Henry Williamson's "Ham" described in "The Village Book" and in "The Laboring Life" (1932). Williamson now resides at Shallowford, within a stone's throw of a beautiful, swift-flowing trout stream, the Bray, some thirty miles from his former home, Georgeham. Two villagers, I learned, very much resent Henry Williamson's books on the village—"Stroyle George," who really does come off badly in the books, and the wife of Arty "Brooking," who perhaps took offense at the statement on p. 479 of "The Laboring Life."

I also spent several hours in and around Broadwindsor, Thomas Fuller's village parish in southwestern Dorset. In the church I found in a room off from the choir, a wooden chest marked by a brass plate, "The Works of Thomas Fuller"; but on lifting out a few old choir vestments and a church account book, only three volumes were uncovered: the 1648 edition of "The Holy State and the Profane State"; "Abel Redivivus" (1651); and "Ephemeris Parliamentaria" (1654). All three volumes were the gift of one donor, in 1904.

On the south wall of the chancel back of the choir stalls, however, is a brass tablet memorial to Fuller reading as follows:

In Memory of
Thomas Fuller D.D.
Born 1608, died 1661.
Author of the
"Worthies of England"
Prebendary of Sarum
1631-1661
Vicar of Broadwindsor
1634-1660
Whose learning, wisdom, and
wit are deservedly held in
high esteem on both sides
of the Atlantic.
Erected by a few British, and
American Admirers, Sep: 23, 1910,
the 259th anniversary of
the sojourn of King Charles II
at Broadwindsor during
his flight from Worcester.

This tail-end allusion to Charles is a true Fullerian twist, though one guesses unintentional on the part of the framer of the memorial.

London. CARLTON F. WELLS.

To Savoyards

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Are there, perchance, among your readers some faithful Savoyards who can help me to recall the days when *H. M. S. Pinafore* was the reigning sensation throughout the world?

I am attempting to construct a more complete edition of this opera than has hitherto been published, and I would hail with "modified rapture" any assistance from the legion of Gilbert and Sullivan admirers, especially from those who were fortunate enough to see D'Oyly Carte's productions.

And is there one who remembers the Gillow's of 1878? I solicit correspondence.

WALTER MAGNES TELLER.
419 West 115th St., New York City.

Josh Billings

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am gathering material for a life of Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw). Will any of your readers who have information on the humorist kindly communicate with me?

CYRIL CLEMENS.
Webster Groves, Mo.

ROMANTIC REBEL

The Story of Nathaniel Hawthorne

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Where He Was Born

Lost in the World of Literature

Free as a Bird

Off to College

In this little house in old Salem on the 4th of July, 1804, a baby was born, a little boy who was to become one of the most famous figures in American literature. "If the new baby had been born at a time when people still believed in sprites and magic they would surely have called him a changeling"

●

Before a blazing fire he spent oblivious hours reading while the long Maine winters passed. This was escape from Salem, from the discipline of the classroom, from the irksomeness of life since an injury to his leg had made him, for a while, an invalid.

●

No school, no study, the great outdoors for a playground, freedom to wander the woods and the hills. "They fished on, happy, warm in the sun, tanned, free from all that 'preparation for life' with which youth is so endlessly burdened."

●

But the carefree, splendid days could not last forever. "It was with a sense of adventure that young Nathaniel took his place in the stage for Brunswick, Maine, one fine morning in early October, bound for Bowdoin College"

Sitting alone in his silent room through the long night hours he wrote poems and stories, tearing them up as fast as they were written, living "a shadow among shadows", never venturing out into the light of day. For seven years after college he lived a life of seclusion.

●

Rescued from the enchantment of solitude by his meeting with the delicate and lovely Sophia Peabody, he returned to the real world and began with zest the business of living.

●

Then began full and happy years at home and abroad and final recognition of his genius. "On a visit to Manchester, where an important exhibition of pictures was being held, they met Tennyson, picturesque, handsome, wearing a voluminous cape and a large slouch hat, both black. His long hair, when he swept off this hat, was tossed and wild, his eyes flamed, his deep musical voice came rumbling in sonorous words through his long black beard. . ." In Italy they met the Brownings whose romance was so like their own.

The Haunted Chamber

The Lady He Loved

Their Meeting With Tennyson

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE has woven all of these incidents and many other equally colorful episodes in the life of her famous grandfather into a dramatic and unusual biography of a strange and sensitive genius. You see reproduced here a few of the lovely and distinctive drawings by William M. Berger who has splendidly caught the spirit of the book and exquisitely conveyed it to the eye. With a foreword by Albert Bigelow Paine. $2.50

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

TO THINK OF TEA. By AGNES REPPLIER. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.50.

Tea, its nature and its virtues, is not Miss Repplier's unsweetened, undiluted subject. She puts in cream and sugar, and no acidulous lemon. Hers is a pleasant diffusion of tea in its relations to English society and literature for some two and a half centuries. She recognizes the Far East as the center and home of tea, the land of its rituals and ultra refinements, but of course only the Far East itself can write much about that. Tea in Russia is neglected no doubt for similar reasons. Most Europeans of a southerly habitat, and most Americans probably, prefer coffee. Miss Repplier is respectful, at least charitable, to coffee, but her sympathies do not go out to it. It is inferable that she is not of the Americans who find tea for breakfast in England a depressing affliction.

Tea seems to have been a more prevalent drink in the colonies than since the Boston Tea Party, but its use among us is nowadays perhaps more general than Miss Repplier seems to imply. However it plays small part in our literature. In Dr. Holmes's "Over the Teacups" it is hardly mentioned after the title. So, naturally, Miss Repplier writes mainly of the tea table in England, where it is a national institution; of the celebrated tea drinkers who have celebrated it; of some who have satirized or vilified it, obscure people for the most part as they deserved to be. In the annals of literature wine is easily first. Its history is long, its glories many, its defeats and depressions but temporary. Whiskey, beer, opium, tobacco, and tea all have a respectable status in letters, but coffee seems to have been relatively overlooked. Miss Repplier's allegiance is to tea, especially to tea in English literature. She writes, as always, with the gracious charm familiar to her many readers.

Biography

PIUS XI. By *Denis Gwynn*. Studio. $1.50.

THE STRANGEST FRIENDSHIP IN HISTORY. By *George Sylvester Viereck*. Liveright. $3.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD. By *Clarence Milligan*. Dorrance. $1.75.

SPINOZA. By *Frederick Kettner*. New York: Roerich Museum Press.

GLAMOROUS SINNERS. By *Frederick L. Collins*. Long & Smith. $2.50.

Fiction

THE MARRIAGE OF SIMON HARPER. By NEIL BELL. Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

A long and solidly satisfying novel by the author of "Life and Andrew Otway." If at moments Simon Harper becomes a bit tedious in his unwavering self-righteousness and penuriousness, if the reader's attention lags in the face of the author's meticulous transcription of the minutiæ of the Harper family's life, these flaws will not be found to invalidate the admirably solid construction of the narrative, the thorough-going realization of the individual characters.

Up from abject poverty and servility rises the man who bears the title role. a skilled carpenter, ugly, stingy, overbearing, unblessed by a sense of humor, to affluence and high position in his community. His success is perhaps achieved solely through the most unattractive of his qualities: a miserliness that forces him to demand more and more "economy" after each upward step in the financial scale. Bessie, his wife, puts up with him, suffers under his domination with the humility "proper" to her understanding of woman's place in life, bears him, before the novel is half done, seven children (including illegitimate twins). From time to time she wins concessions from him; a housekeeper, a larger house, but it is an uphill fight. And Simon arrives at the position he had never despaired of for a moment.

The materials of this novel are as commonplace as life itself. Simon, ignorant, hidebound, superficially religious, becomes through the force of Mr. Bell's fine comprehension, a character of more than human stature. He has little to recommend him as a social acquaintance, he has few admirable weaknesses, he is a run-of-the-mill product, unworthy, in life, of a second glance. In fiction he represents the triumph of the novelist's craft, for beneath his apparent inhumanity, beneath his tyrannical nature, there lies a man, essentially just though stern, essentially weak though proud and unbending, essentially human despite the seeming paradox.

POUR WINE FOR US. By DEAN VAN CLUTE. Stokes. 1932. $2.

Mr. Van Clute's thoroughly sincere and painstaking autobiographical narrative will furnish ample evidence that a "human document" does not always constitute a novel. Few novelists have been endowed with more richly human material; the bare facts of the life Mr. Van Clute sets forth in these pages would, in the hands of an artist, make for a reputation that would be unshaken down the ages. Yet, in the author's hands and despite the intolerable suffering he has experienced, his story remains nothing more than a clinical picture, harrowing in its details but lacking in the art that is prerequisite to a truly creative piece of work.

Peter Holland experiences poverty, the mental and physical tortures of adolescence, the tragedy of losing wife and child at one blow, the living hell of an arthritic's existence, paralyzed and blind and strapped to the bed of a charity hospital. The little left him, the life of the mind, he enriches by a search for knowledge, a hunger for the imperishable beauties of the imagination. It is inconceivable that even a matter of fact recital of these details should fail to rouse emotion in the reader, but the inconceivable has happened, for the author's fictional talents are so meagre, his expression of the compensations he sought and achieved is so commonplace, that the reader is left with little food for sympathy and none of the enrichment of life he is entitled to expect from any novel that is the product of sensitivity and skill.

A ROMANCE OF OLD FORT HALL. By *Minerva Kohlhepp Teichert*. Metropolitan Press. $1.50.

THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN. By *John Steinbeck*. Brewer, Warren & Putnam.

AN AMERICAN DUCHESS. By *Helen, Duchess of Croy*. McBride. $3 net.

RIDER OF THE NIGHT. By *Hanns Heinz Ewers*. Day. $2.50.

ONE DAY IN OCTOBER. By *Sigurd Hoel*. Coward-McCann. $2.

HILLTOPS. By *George Burt Lake*.

WILD WINE. By *Florence Ward*. Macrae-Smith. $2.

ROBIN HILL. By *Lida Larrimore*. Macrae-Smith. $2.

THE CLOVEN HOOF. By *Denis Archer*. Warne. $2.50.

THE HOUSE OF YESTERDAY. By *Concordia Merrel*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE BISHOP'S JAEGERS. By *Thorne Smith*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

TONE THE BELL EASY. Edited by *J. Frank Dobie*. University of Texas.

THE STORY OF SILAS WOODWARD. By *Elisabeth Thomas*. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $2.50.

THE BURNING BUSH. By *Joseph Gaer*. Cincinnati: Sinai Press.

TANGLED WIVES. By *Peggy Shane*. Kendall. $2.

THE LONG KNIVES WALKED. By *Mary Louise Mabie*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

GUARDIANS OF THE SAGE. By *Sinclair Drago*. Macaulay. $2.

THE MOUNT OF VISION. By *William Muir Auld*. Macmillan. $2.

GUY MERVYN. By *Florence Barclay*. Putnam. $2.

THE HEARTLESS LAD. By *James Stern*. Macmillan. $2.

PREVAILING WINDS. By *Margaret Ayer Barnes*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Foreign

LE HAUT LIVRE AU GRAAL PERLES-VAUS. Edited by *William A. Nitze* and *T. Atkinson Jenkins*. University of Chicago Press. $6.

L'ARLÉSIENNE. By *Alphonse Daudet*. Edited by *Simone de la Souchère Deléry* and *Gladys Anne Renshaw*. Century.

FRANÇOIS FABIÉ, Regionaliste. By *L. H. Ryland*. Rodez: Carrère Boley's Bookstore, Lexington, Va.

MARCEL. By *Armand Goday*. Paris: Emile-Paul.

BEGEGNUNGEN AUF MEINEM WEGE DURCH ZWEI WELTEN. By *Marie Gallison*. Kaiserswerth: Diakonissen.

TESTIMONIANZA A CAPASSO. Genoa: Liguri.

(Continued on page 295)

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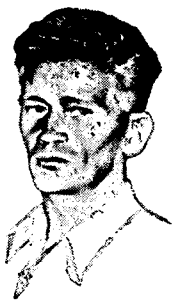

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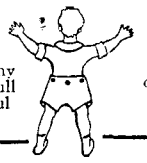

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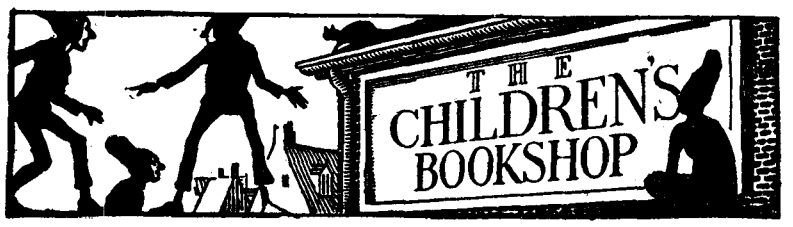

Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

The Window

By RACHEL FIELD

HERE on my desk lies a battered small green book entitled "Neptune, or the Autobiography of a New Foundland Dog" by a forgotten author of 1869, and here beside it a pile of some nine gay volumes just off the press and all about twentieth century dogs, short legged or long, rough or silky of coat, pointed or snub-nosed. So let psychologists prate of the changing tastes of the modern child. A dog is still a dog, and personally I shall not take much stock in young sophistication while a puppy may still be a touchstone.

To begin with, there is the beguiling story of an adventurous Scottie in "What Whiskers Did," by Ruth Carroll (Macmillan, $1.25). Books may come and books may go, but Scottie books go on forever, and anyone who has ever had one of these squat, independent pets can tell you the reason. This book, however, is new of its kind, for besides having excellent, sprightly pictures that almost bark and sprint off the pages, there is not a word of text to confuse the very small children for whom it has been made. The illustrations carry the action perfectly, and plenty of it there is from cover to cover. Angus, that other inquisitive Scotch terrier made so popular a couple of seasons ago by Marjorie Flack, is back again in "Angus Lost" (Doubleday, Doran, $1). It would be difficult to think of any four to six year old who would not be held by the cheerful pictures and simple text, and who would not rejoice to learn how the milkman proved Angus's own particular salvation. "Michael Who Missed His Train," by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan (Doubleday, Doran, $1), is of the same general type and for about the same age, but I found the pictures of the droll Sealyham even more lifelike and appealing than Miss Flack's. Both books have humor and pleasant unpretentiousness and are printed in clear, gay colors. "Here Bingo!" by Anne Stoddard, with pictures by the Haders (Century, $1), continues the tale of that small dog's doings and friends, and belongs in this same pleasant class of animal story-picture book.

"'Winks, His Book," by Dorothy Cottrell (Houghton Mifflin, $1.50), is of a more pretentious sort. In spite of the rather attractive picture studies of the shaggy Australian terrier, I could not feel much drawn to the story, which seemed to be written for children, but sprinkled with too many adjectives and too much adult comment. "Dog City," by Grace B. Gawthorpe (Stokes, $1), with pictures by Morgan Dennis, has the kind of plot to appeal to boys, and to girls who like their stories full of incident. Here is a frank melodrama of kennel life and the manner in which Bobs, a wire-haired, wins first prize at the Show and foils a clever dog-thief makes good reading for youngsters, though it is not as well written as one could wish and the illustrations are not in the artist's best manner.

Another wire-haired terrier who escapes from near-tragedy is Roughy in Diana Thorne's "Roughy, the Dog Who Ran Away" (Putnam's, $1). Miss Thorne is a well known etcher of dogs and many of her black and white sketches are spirited and vigorous. She is less successful when combining human beings with animals.

In "The Mutt Book" (Harpers, $2.50) Zhenya and Jan Gay had a really new and delightful idea,—that of telling and picturing the histories and the rise of various winners in a Mutt Dog Show at Madison Square Garden. The scheme of the thing and the pictures, especially those in color, are so well conceived and planned that it is a pity, to my way of thinking, that the text itself has not more distinction and literary charm. Often the conversations seemed forced and the characters unnatural.

Perhaps, after all, "Big Dogs and Little Dogs" (Knopf, $1.50) is the most satisfactory of the lot because the forty-eight extraordinarily well taken photographs of various breed by Hedda Walther speak for themselves, almost as real dogs do. Here is dignity and impudence; humor, spirit, and the intentness of animals at play, or slumped at rest. While it has not the range of the picture book of animals which the Macmillan Company brought out last season, it has many of the same qualities which made that so popular with young and older readers.

And now, lest it should seem that cats have gone out of fashion, I must make mention of two feline heroes, "The Orange Cat," by Frank H. Pettee (Reilly & Lee, $1.50), and "Jemmie, the Kitten from Maine," by Eleanor Wheeler (Smith & Haas, $1.75). Both these stories are modern in background. But somehow, though both books are well enough done of their kind, I could not help recalling the greater charm and skill of an almost forgotten cat book. "Letters from a Cat," I believe the title was, and its author was Helen Hunt Jackson.

Modern Girls' Stories

THE WAY TO GLORY. By MARION HURD MCNEILEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $2.
NANCY. By MILDRED WASSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.
THE GRAPER GIRLS GO TO COLLEGE. By ELIZABETH CORBETT. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $2.
THE YOUNG RAVENALS. By ELSIE SINGMASTER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $1.75.
JUDY. By SHIRLEY L. BERTON. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

THESE five girls' books of this season offer five such varying types that no girl can fail to find at least one or two among them that will appeal to her. They offer, also, a proof of the good work that is being done nowadays with our older juveniles, and especially,—an encouraging change from past days,—with girls' books. For there is no sentimentality here and no lack of contact with real life, and finally no lack of a sufficiently interesting story and real human characters moving about in it. In these important respects, all five books are rather outstandingly successful.

"The Way to Glory," which is a book of short stories, is in that respect somewhat of a novelty; much as this form of fiction is used for adults and for children, it is rather infrequent for the adolescent, and its readers will undoubtedly enjoy this sample. The dialogue of these stories is unusually well and amusingly done; the point is always simply but forcefully made, and the humor is refreshing. Real boys and girls walk through the pages.

"Nancy" is for readers at the younger end of the adolescent scale, and "The Grapers Go to College" at the older. Nancy herself is an excellent portrait of a fourteen-year-old turning very earnestly to fifteen, and possessed of a mother wise in handling the fevers and quirks of that period. Nancy's younger brother adds zest to many pages, and her final submission to a charming young stepfather whom she learns to consider a friend instead of an enemy is one of many pleasant features of the book.

The Grapers, with whom we are already acquainted from an earlier book, carry us into a very different surrounding,—one, however, where many girl readers will enjoy following them. Their college is Madison and the centre of interest is the life of the sororities and the ebb and flow of intercourse among the boy and girl students; it is, indeed, perhaps too much confined to this theme. But the badinage is natural and amusing, and the atmosphere is wholesome.

"The Young Ravenals" is a charming story, laid in a small town in Maryland and full of the vitality and loyal give-and-take of a devoted family. Hard times are upon them, and difficulties follow thick and fast, but the defenders of the home win out. There is another delightful younger brother in this story,—indeed, two. The Penrod touch is almost reached sometimes, and there are countless excellent bits which the adult reader will appreciate fully as much as the younger one. Indeed, an outstanding conclusion

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from all these books is that a fresh and natural humor in juveniles for this age has come into its own.

Last on the list is "Judy," a mystery story of an unusual type and with an interesting setting. Judy, the heroine, has been met before,—the independent girl who is not afraid to winter alone in her cabin on the Maine shore, while she earns her living at writing—and, when necessary, at clam-digging too. In this volume she becomes involved in difficulties with the usually friendly natives through the thievery of one of them. A chart for the discovery of buried treasure is involved, but not, we are glad to say, to serve the usual end. It turns out instead to be the lost specifications which,—restored to him—put Judy's fiancé on his feet and hurry her departure from the lonely scene of her difficulties to a merrier one of wedding bells.

These sketches of stories and backgrounds are so incomplete as to do scant justice to what they attempt to describe, but let them suggest five excellent books in which girls—and perhaps boys too—will find fresh and pleasant material for reading hours.

Irish Magic

THE UNICORN WITH SILVER SHOES. By ELLA YOUNG. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MARION CANBY

AFTER all, fairy tales are best where they naturally belong, with folklore, myth, and legend. They do not thrive in our modern world—even Alice cannot give probability to her lesser prototypes, and when pets begin to talk only a Christopher Robin can really understand. But in the richly credulous environment of the youth of the world, magic is as natural as natural can be. Bellor's son is not myth but was invented by Ella Young to please two children, but once he has met Angus the Ever-Young, and the Pooka that lurks in all Irish imaginations, he is made free of the miraculous heavens and the civilized earth which appears to be Ireland itself, surely. He pursues the individual adventures allotted to him by his author secure in a fancy as old as the soil, flowering naturally into racy speech and lilting rhythm. The fact that Ella Young really is a poet makes the poetic prose native to fairy material easily her own affair. A very Irish yet distinct style crowns the book, a relief after the sentimental or too sonorous imitations of bygone ways of speech that mar many fairy tales. And the illustrations here, in black and white by Robert Lawson, have flavor and high spiritedness and good, free line. There is no thinness about this book anywhere.

It holds fast, also, to those two accredited delights, recognition and surprise, both particularly grateful to children with their unblunted perceptions. The recognition lies chiefly in the recurrence of beloved characters, surprise in the true childish virtue of irrevelance, in a constant and very magic shifting of scene and incident. The incidents are almost as numerous as those in the Oz books, which children insist upon in spite of their triviality from a grown-up point of view, but here they fall into an unobtrusive round, always coming again to the Garden of twisted Trees or the Wood of the Pomegranates, always refinding people. There is no confusion yet the child can enjoy the swift play of incident without the strain of an adult span of attention, a blessing in a book written for children to read!

Probably Ella Young does not rationalize about what is fitting for children. Her chosen material has nourished too many rising generations already. We can take what she gives and be thankful for the right touch set upon it by a skilful pen.

In connection with Children's Book Week in Scotland an exhibition of 3,000 books was recently opened in Glasgow, and a committee of booksellers established a competition on somewhat unusual lines. A book-case was filled with fifty children's books, and the children were invited to suggest twelve books suitable to their own respective sex and age which were missing from the fifty shown. Lists graded separately for boys and for girls up to eleven, from twelve to fourteen, and for fifteen and over, were made up by Hugh Walpole, and in each section there were three prizes for the children who got nearest to this list. Competitions upon the same lines were held in Ipswich and other towns.

The New Books International

(*Continued from page* 293)

HEIRS TO THE HABSBURGS. By G. E. R. GEDYE. London: Arrowsmith. 1932.

Since every major political disturbance in Europe for the last twenty years has centered round the peoples who today may be described as "The Heirs to the Habsburgs," Mr. Gedye's book deals with most urgent problems. In 1914 a shot fired at an Austrian Archduke precipitated the World War. In 1931 a crisis in an Austrian bank precipitated the present financial difficulties of Germany and Great Britain, and led to an almost world-wide abandonment of the gold standard. Political assassinations and bank insolvencies are but symptoms of disease. Mr. Gedye attempts to diagnose, with impartiality, the ills of Central Europe. He holds no brief for any single Danubian power, yet, as a correspondent who for years has lived in Vienna and studied the Balkans, he is familiar with the pretensions of all. His is the ablest and most recent summary of a dangerous situation.

Except for Austria, "who treats," says Mr. Gedye, "her very small Slav minority well," and for Hungary, "who has no minorities worth mentioning," the whole Danube district is threatened by the discontent of weaker peoples whom a dominant race is choking . . . "nationalizing." Mr. Gedye recognizes that there are fewer minorities today than before the war, yet quite dispassionately he gives his reasons for fearing that if anything the danger from these new minorities is now greater. The peace treaties have not solved anything; instead, as in the case of Burgenland and Sopron, they have but further complicated matters of race and brought into being a state of economic anarchy which not even constant loans can better.

THE PRICE OF PEACE. By *Richard E. Weldon.* New York: Darwell. $1.50.

THROUGH THE COMMUNIST LOOKING-GLASS. By *Harry Stekoll.* Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $2.50.

CONTEMPORARY RUMANIA. By *Joseph S. Roucek.* Stanford University Press. $4.

Miscellaneous

THE HISTORY OF PIRACY. By PHILIP GOSSE. Longmans, Green. 1932. $3.50.

We rejoice that Dr. Gosse has at last published this eagerly-awaited book. Several years ago he issued his amusing and valuable "Pirates' Who's Who"; he has compiled a bibliography of Captain Charles Johnson, and edited the latter's "General History of the Pyrates." He owns one of the most extensive collections of pirate literature, printed and manuscript. The present notable volume, our best history of piracy, is an extensive survey, beginning with the Barbarossas of the Mediterranean in the sixteenth century and concluding with the Chinese pirates of our own time, with a judicious summary of ancient and medieval piracy. The volume is a happy compromise; it is sufficiently scholarly to satisfy the exacting historian, while the general reader can only exult in its picturesque detail and quiet humor. It includes interesting, unpublished material on Captain Kidd. Among the author's scores of pirate worthies we find the renowned Bartholomew Roberts, a Beau Brummell, who was also a prohibitionist and a stern moralist; Major Stede Bonnet who turned pirate because of "some Discomfort he found in a married State"; Misson, who founded a pirate republic on the natural rights of man some fifty years before the French Revolution; and Captain Daniel who kidnapped a priest to celebrate mass on his vessel. Here we have the career of the most formidable of all female pirates, Mrs. Ching, who early in the nineteenth century terrified the Chinese government with her fleet of five hundred junks, and whose career was ended only by a generous pardon. Among the choicest items of the volume is the anonymous account of the mock trial held by the pirates: an account worthy of the creator of Justice Shallow.

LAND OF CHECKERBOARD FAMILIES. By *Arthur J. Burks.* Coward-McCann. $2.50.

DIET FOR EPICURES. By *Paul Reboux.* Brentanos. $2.75.

BETWEEN THE BIG PARADES. By *Franklin Wilmer Ward.* New York: Waterbury.

BACK STAGE IN 1912. By *Victor Rosewater.* Dorrance. $2.

STRANGER THAN FICTION. By *Lewis Browne. Macmillan.* $1.

THE ISSUE IN LITERARY CRITICISM. By *Myron F. Brightfield.* University of California Press. $4.

JAPANESE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS. By *Harold S. Quigley.* Century. $3.75.

(*Continued on next page*)

EARTH HORIZON

By Mary Austin

"The most enriching, the most vital and, perhaps, the truest account yet written of the Middle West of the period."—*Scribners.* "The most American autobiography I know."—*William Soskin, in the N. Y. Post. Literary Guild Selection for November.* Illustrated, $4.00

COMIC RELIEF

Edited by R. N. Linscott

Almost anyone will enjoy this hilarious and sophisticated collection of modern American humor, which includes the funniest work of Ring Lardner, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Stephen Leacock, Corey Ford, and many others. $2.50

PEOPLE OF THE SERPENT

By Edward H Thompson

The story of the author's forty years' study of the mysterious culture of the Mayas of Central America. "A true story of scientific adventure and one of the best of its kind in modern times." —*N. Y. Times.* Illustrated, $3.50

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

By Havelock Ellis

Essays by the great English psychologist on subjects as diverse as Nietzsche, Shaw, and Wells, Religion and Sex, and the History of the Psycho-Analytical Movement. $5.00

FORTY YEARS FOR LABRADOR

By Sir Wilfred Grenfell

In this great autobiography, the famous Labrador Doctor completes the story of his life work among the fisher-folk of the bleak Northland, illuminating it with humor, pathos and adventure. Illustrated, $4.00

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

By Adeline Adams

"Mrs. Adams gives a delightful picture of the private life of the Frenches, as well as a very complete account of Mr. French's amazing achievements as a sculptor." —*Boston Herald.* Lavishly illustrated, $7.50

THESE ACRES

By Frances Frost

"These poems derive their passionate austerity and emotional depth from the mountains and rocky landscape of New England."—*The Bookman.* $2.00

IORANA!

A Tahitian Journal

By Robert Gibbings

"He catches wonderfully well the mystical, sensuous, romantic spirit of those Islands. The journal is enriched with 42 beautiful wood engravings."—*Boston Herald.* $2.50

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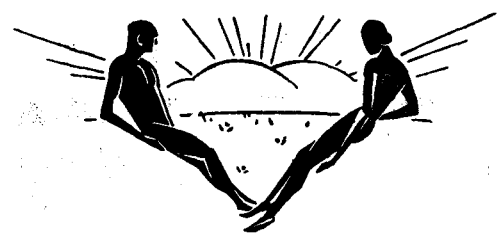

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OF 1914

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At last we have the long-awaited novel by the author of *Grischa*—the passionate yet tender love story of a young writer and a modern girl caught in the turmoil of the war. In England they are hailing it as in "some ways more readable than Grischa", "a vital achievement", "magnificent," "well worth the long wait", "only a great and disillusioned lover of humanity could write such a work as this". Translated by Eric Sutton. $2.50

The big Holiday novel of 1932

THE VIKING PRESS · NEW YORK

In Canada: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

For Christmas and for 1933

This New Book of Enduring Value, Paramount Current Interest and Established International Reputation—

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COMMENT FROM ABROAD

Sir Arthur Salter calls it:
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William Martin (foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*) terms it
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Clarence K. Streit in the New York Times:
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John Palmer Gavit in The Survey:
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William Franklin Sands in The Commonweal:
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Pitman B. Potter in The American Political Science Review:
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The word *dungboats* was perhaps the source of the modern *dingbats*? So suggests old Philologue Quercus. . . .

But read *The Saturday Review* and avoid dingbat literature. There is no more genuine compliment you can pay your friend—or yourself—than a subscription. It costs $3.50 a year (and a 3-cent stamp).

THE SATURDAY REVIEW *Dept. P. E. G. Q.* 25 West 45, New York City

*1932 — 1632 = 300

The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE. By *Burton J. Hendrick*. Doubleday, Doran. 2 vols. $7.50.

RICHES FOR ALL. By *Harrison E. Fryberger*. New York: Advance Publishing Co. $1.

HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN'S BODIES. By *Alice Bloch*. Long & Smith. $3.

HOW TO BUILD A STAMP COLLECTION. By *Prescott Thorp*. Day. $1.50.

WITH DE VALERA IN AMERICA. By *Patrick McCartan*. Brentanos. $3.

POTOMAC LANDINGS. By *Paul Wilstach*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES AND THE FEDERAL UNION. By *Lewis G. Van der Velde*. Harvard University Press.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND. By *George Sidney Webster*.

PUSS IN BOOKS. Edited by *Elizabeth Drew* and *Michael Joseph*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

LIONS, GORILLAS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS. By *Carl* and *Mary L. Jobe Akeley*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *Philip Shorr*. Columbia University Press. $1.50.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. By *Isaac d'Israeli*. Edited by *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*. Appleton. $3.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY. By *Louis D. Brandeis*. Stokes. $2.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST. By *Henry Smith Williams*. McBride. $3.50 net.

THE HARKNESS COLLECTION IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Washington: Government Printing Office.

ARE WE SPIRITUALLY DEAD? By *Murray Alexander Cayley*. Stratford. $1.50.

COLORADO RIVER CONTROVERSIES. By *Robert Brewster Stanton*. Edited by *James M. Chalfant*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

NATIONAL MINORITIES IN EUROPE. By *Otto Junghann*. Covici-Friede. $1.50.

WAR DEBTS AND WORLD PROSPERITY. By *Harold G. Moulton* and *Leo Pasvolsky*. Washington, D. C.: Brookings Institute.

THE ART OF CARVING. By *John Trusler*. Macmillan. $1.

MAGAZINE PUBLISHING. By *Lenox R. Lohr*. Williams & Wilkins. $4.

MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN TIBET. By *Alexandra David-Neel*. Kendall. $3.75.

PREVENTION OF AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS. By *Victor W. Pagé*. Norman Henley. 75 cents.

TWO PACK GAMES. By *George A. Bonaventure*. Duffield. $1.50.

THE DIARY OF A SEDUCER. By *Soren Kierkegaard*. Dragon Press. $1.50.

THE STORY OF MAN'S MIND. By *George Humphrey*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE ART OF MIXING. By *James A. Wiley* and *Helene M. Griffith*. Macrae-Smith. 75 cents.

AILMENTS OF THE LEG. By *Otto Meyer, M.D.* New York: Elliot. $1.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS. By *Selby Vernon McCasland*. Nelson. $2.

AGELESS STORIES. By *G. D. Rosenthal*. New York: Gorham. $2.

MODERN PUBLICITY, 1932. Edited by *F. A. Mercer* and *W. Gaunt*. Studio. $3.50.

THE CONGRESSIONAL FOLLIES. New York: Abbot Press. $1.50.

REPORT OF THE ROUND TABLES AND GENERAL CONFERENCES AT THE TWELFTH SESSION. Edited by *John Bakeless*. Yale University Press.

THE AFRICAN HANDBOOK. Edited by *Otto Martens* and *O. Karstedt*. Macmillan. $2.

LÉGENDES HAWAIIENNES. By *Béatrice Ayer Patton*. Paris: Les Belles Lettres.

EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS. By *William Heard Kilpatrick*. Liveright. $1.25.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By *Honoré de Balzac*. Liveright.

THE MAIN STREAM OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By *Foster Erwin Guyer*. Heath. $2.

THE PEEP SHOW. By *Walter Wilkinson*. Stokes. $2.

DINNER WITH JAMES. By *Rose Henniker Heaton*. Dutton. $2.

BIRD SONGS. By *Bert Dayton*. New York: Palisade Press.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICAL REALISM. By *Roy Wood Sellars*. Macmillan. $4.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION. By *James M. Gillis*. New York: Paulist Press. $1.

THE MEANING OF MODERN SCULPTURE. By *R. H. Wilenski*. Stokes.

A SOCIOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF CERTAIN TYPES OF PATRIOTISM. By *Earle L. Hunter*.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF SOCIAL SCIENCES. By *Henry Johnson*. Scribners. $1.25.

THE WEST IS STILL WILD. By *Harry Carr*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA. By *Holbrook Jackson*. Scribners. $7.50.

CUT OFF MY HEAD. By *Jasper Whiting*. Boston: Humphries. $1.

HIGH COURAGE. By *Owen D. Young*. Dutton. $1.

Brief Mention

The editor of this department would like to warn its readers (and, if by chance this note strikes their eyes, those who do not ordinarily read it) that under the peculiar conditions of current publishing a number of books of considerable importance are sure to be mentioned here, and that brevity of comment by no means implies lack of solid worth. The difficult economic situation which has affected the publishing trade, as all other trades, has resulted (let us all be thankful!) in the elimination from publishers' lists of a great deal of trash, tripe, and wild experiment. This same economic situation has inevitably given this *Review*, and other critical mediums, less available space for comment. In "Brief Mention," we perforce, refer briefly and without much criticism, but we trust accurately, to many books to which *The Saturday Review* would like to give full consideration if space permitted. Also a number of books are here included of real, though narrow, importance, which, on account of their highly technical character or their reference to specialized areas of knowledge, cannot satisfactorily be handled in reviews, and yet should be noted for the benefit of librarians and of the general reader. Let your eye run down this column once a week in search of the titles that may interest you. You will find books that may by chance be more important to you than many of those of more general interest reviewed in the body of the paper

A textbook, but excellently illustrated like a history of art, is *Religion and Various Cultures*, by Horace L. Fuess and Herbert W. Schneider (Holt, $5). The chapters cover Primitive Cultures, Shintoism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Greek Religion, the religion of Israel and Judaism and Christianity. A very full critical bibliography follows. . . . G. P. Baker, who wrote the excellent *Life of Constantine the Great* reviewed at some length in *The Saturday Review*, now publishes a biography of *Charlemagne* (Dodd Mead, $3.50) a subject which he handles *con amore*. Mr. Baker who is an English scholar has demonstrated his power to write popular yet accurate history in books on Hannibal, Tiberius, and Justinian. . . . A useful book of a type now becoming familiar is *Men and Women of Plantagenet England*, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Harcourt, Brace, $2). This general study, interestingly illustrated, is intended for students' supplementary reading in the social background of the period. . . . The Oxford University Press is reprinting six essays on the work of Scott from the *London Times Literary Supplement* (Oxford Press, $2). . . . Another writer who has been successful in making popular the history of the Middle Ages is Carola Oman, the daughter of the famous historian. Her *Crouchback* may be remembered. Her new book, *The Empress*, is the "story of the stirring life and times of the Empress Mathilda" (Holt, $2.50). . . . From the University of Minnesota Press comes a scholarly study of *Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition in English Poetry* ($4). . . . Pleasant literary studies will be found in Anne Kimball Tuell's *A Victorian at Bay* (Marshall, Jones, $2.50). These essays, which are revised from previous periodical printing, range over a wide period of themes, some critical, some personal, but most of them biographical and literary. . . . Another collection of brief literary essays is the *Oh Splendid Appetite* of Cameron Rogers, author of *The Magnificent Idler*, a biography of Whitman. His most important contribution in this book is the study of "The Poet of the Rosary" who was Mr. Rogers's father (John Day Co. $2). . . . Let us note a book by Edwin D. Schoonmaker, *Our Genial Enemy, France*, which is a useful attempt to state the debtor side of our balance with France, financial, spiritual, and political (Ray Long & R. R. Smith, $2.50). . . . An interesting volume called *Studies in the Birth of the Lord*, by Ellwood Worcester of the famous clinic, is an attempt to assemble all the historical and legendary material bearing upon the problem (Scribner's, $2.50). . . . A volume by William Heard Kilpatrick of Teachers College, *Education and the Social Crisis* (Liveright, $1.50), contains a proposed program. A useful and comprehensive guide book for travel in Africa, called *The African Handbook, a Traveler's Guide*, edited by O. Martens and Dr. Karstedt (Macmillan, $2.50), contains numerous maps and, considering the vast extent of the subject, an extraordinary amount of specific information.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

D. S., Danvers, Mass., asks for books on book reviewing.

I NEVER know just what to say on such occasions. There is no one practical manual with all the rules for this exercise; in books about writing for periodicals it gets comparatively little space. The nearest I know to thoroughgoing treatment is in "The Craft of the Critic," by S. S. Smith (Crowell), where plays are considered as well as fiction. In Brennecke and Clark's "Magazine Article Writing" (Macmillan) there is a good section on criticism, and in the new companion volume, "Magazine Article Readings" (Macmillan), illustrative material to accompany the book, eleven reviews are reproduced. This book gives also present-day examples of interviews, biographical, personal experience, and confession articles, how-to-do-it articles, news stories, informational, discussion, and controversial articles, and essays taken from periodicals as diverse as the *Atlantic, Liberty, American Journal of Nursing, Adelphi, Musical Times,* and of course the *Saturday Review of Literature.* There is an outline of procedure in making a review in "Making the Most of Books," by Leal A. Headley, just published by the American Library Association, a vivid, sound, and stimulating book about books and reading for any man interested in self-education or just in getting the glorious trick of true enjoyment out of print. There is, for instance, a chapter on reading speeds and why, and another on concentration, that alone would pay for the book. The second half is on making the most of libraries and their equipment.

B. L., Greenwood, Miss., asks for books dealing with real adventures, emphasizing the exploits of science, as suitable study material for a club of students from twelve to fourteen. The experiences in "Exploring at Home," by Paul Siple, the Boy Scout who went to the Antarctic with Byrd (Putnam), are not overpoweringly adventurous, but these first-hand encounters with nature and wild life in Pymatuning Swamp, near Alleghany, and through microscopes and telescopes, have the special appeal of boyishness; the author is describing what he has lately done, and what an energetic boy—especially a Boy Scout—may parallel. John Clair Minot has assembled "The Best Stories of Exploration I Know" (Wilde), in a volume that would interest this group; there are eighteen true stories and personal narratives of which seven are of undertakings in the interest of science. "Lions, Gorillas and their Neighbors," by Carl and Mary Akeley (Dodd, Mead), is a collection of news stories, partly from his field notes or stories he told, partly from her experience. There is an especially good lot of lions—"the lion is a gentleman," she says— wild dogs, gorillas, hippos, buffaloes, and pygmies, with photographs especially attractive to young people who visit the African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History.

For fiction combining reliable natural history with adventure, Samuel Scoville, Jr., seems to have a special brew; his "The Snake Blood Ruby" (Dodd, Mead) is the latest in a succession of authentic jungle thrillers that began with "The Inca Emerald." Boys really do read the natural history in these romances, apparently as gladly as the hairbreadth escapes, and in this tale there are plenty of both.

B. M. L., Oshkosh, Wis., asks for recent publications of Christmas plays suitable for young amateurs; they must be recent as this group has given the more well-known ones. There are nineteen plays in the new anthology edited by A. P. Sanford and R. H. Schauffler, "Christmas Plays" (Dodd, Mead), ranging from one to three acts and meant for players of almost any age. Religion, folklore, and the Christmas spirit, the festival as it is celebrated in foreign lands, fantasy, and charity—all these appear in the little dramas, which are all easy enough for young players. There are several plays for Christmas among those in "Ring up the Curtain" (Little, Brown), the collection edited by Montrose Moses, which are fortunately among the easiest to give, for at this time of year no one has much time for preparation. Since I made out the recent list of helps to Christmas program-makers several new books besides these have appeared including an anthology that makes a sort of "Week-end Book" for children, "Welcome Christmas," edited by Eleanor Graham (Dutton). This has a number of pleasant stories, including legends, old favorites, and modern tales; it has poetry (one is "Villagers all, this frosty tide,'" from "The Wind in the Willows," which has all Christmas in a verse for me) and plenty of illustrated carols; it has games and riddles and line drawings for everything by Priscilla Ellingford, naive and decorative. Then there is a group of stories of Poland by Eric Kelly, "The Christmas Nightingale," just from Macmillan in time for the holidays, and a pretty little story by Susan Smith, "The Christmas Tree in the Maine Woods" (Minton, Balch), whose center is a living tree dressed where it stands in the forest—I never had one so lovely as the one I thus decorated and lighted standing in the snows of Massachusetts—and whose pictures are by the gifted Helen Sewell. From last year we have a book useful to those preparing holiday entertainments, W. M. Auld's "Christmas Traditions" (Macmillan), showing the origins of customs in Christian and pagan tradition, and about carols, bells, and trees, told with ingratiating charm.

N. S., Hardford, Conn., asks for a list of the best books on advertising. They are at present to be found all in one: "Careers in Advertising and the Jobs Behind Them," edited by Alden James and published by Macmillan, the best five dollars' worth on the subject that I have seen. I have been reading in it with an interest far from professional—that of one immensely interested in contemporary American life, of which this work forms a cross-section at a most important point. Sixty chapters, written by men—and one woman—whose names will be recognized as those of experts in their special fields, deal with the advertiser, the advertising agency, media such as the press, radio, direct mail, outdoor and transit advertising, and correlative services. It is in this fourth part that I found the material most interesting to me, for it shows how printing typography, designing of products and packages, advertising, and even the work of "the advertising lawyer" are interrelated in this enormous enterprise. It is more than a book about making a living; it is about life in America today and tomorrow.

L. C. P., Dijon, Cote-d'Or, France, asks what use had been made in world literature of the story of Tamar as told in 2 Samuel: 13 *et seq.* He knows Robinson Jeffers's "Tamar" (Boyle), and the mention of the theme in a Villon ballad, and he has heard of a Russian poem of the same name to which Balakireff has put music. All I can find—and I can't find the Russian poem, for which I must ask other readers—is a tragedy to be found in the ninth volume of the works of Giovanni Francesco Civilia, "Tamar," published by Salxiucci, Rome, in 1844, and a German tragedy, "Tamar," by Hans Ludwig Held, published by Haist, Munich in 1911. *The friends and admirers of Edward Lucas White,* probably best-known by his stirring romance of Imperial Rome, "Andivius Hedulio" (Dutton), are bringing out in a limited autographed edition the latest of his novels, "Matrimony," the story of his own romance. Subscriptions are now being taken by Grace Gore Norman, 417 Morris Building, Charles St., Baltimore, and if all readers young and old who owe him a debt of gratitude for "Andivius" should subscribe, the edition would soon be exhausted.

What kind of a novel is this that has provoked such an *explosion of praise?*

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(NOTE: *But who is Francis Iles? The most enthusiastic critics have been unable to identify the famous English author this name conceals. Their guesses have ranged from Aldous Huxley to Francis Brett Young. You yourself have read his—or her—books. Can* YOU *identify Francis Iles?*)

December Selection of The Crime Club

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—IRWIN EDMAN
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13. "A work of unusual power."
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14. "A moving story."
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
15. "Sensitive and beautiful writing."
—SAN FRANCISCO NEWS
16. "A compelling drama."
—CHICAGO TRIBUNE
17. "Fine and penetrating."
—PHILADELPHIA RECORD
18. "A new and powerful American novelist."
—NEWARK EVENING NEWS
19. "His book has the fire and beauty of scripture "—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
20. "The finest American historical novel I have read."—GRANVILLE HICKS
21. "Very powerfully and skilfully done."
—JOHN COWPER POWYS
22. "Combines power and beauty with telling effect."—BROOKLYN EAGLE
23. "He will be a name to conjure with."
—LEWIS GANNETT
24. "An enthralling study of all monomaniacs."
—BUFFALO EVENING NEWS
25. "A very remarkable book."
—BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT
26. "An enviable accomplishment for any novelist."—SYRACUSE HERALD
27. "Mr. Ehrlich is a remarkable figure on our literary horizon."
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Ghost Story

VREST ORTON'S "Dreiserana" (1929) properly makes much of its subject's "Studies of Contemporary Celebrities," and his painstaking detective work will avert hours of futile research by those investigators of tomorrow who would otherwise believe (and be pardoned for the believing) that original sources are invariably and flawlessly accurate. It is not essential to recite the whole story here—Mr. Orton has told it in full, and only the nub of the business need be retold for the purposes of this discussion; to wit, that in "Who's Who in America" for 1899-1900 Theodore Dreiser declared himself to be the author of "Studies of Contemporary Celebrities" and that this treatise has not yet seen type.

This fact alone makes "Who's Who in America" for 1899-1900 a collateral collector's item. It is something of a collector's item, however, in its own right, for the issue for those years is the first in the series of that valuable manual. He who investigates it for the Dreiser entry will inevitably look further, and be well repaid for the looking. For here, in formal and democratic alphabetical parade, are assembled, though not by Theodore Dreiser, the "contemporary celebrities" of the childhood of many of us. Here is Theodore Roosevelt, not yet inducted into the lethal chamber of the Vice-Presidency of the United States; here is William Howard Taft, federal circuit judge and dean of law at the University of Cincinnati; here is Woodrow Wilson, "prof. jurisprudence and politics, Princeton since 1890! . . . contributes to leading magazines; public speaker and lecturer." But here is no Hoover, Herbert or other; no Warren Harding; no Calvin Coolidge; no Roosevelt save the vice-president to be and his uncle Robert (who was thirty-six lines to his nephew's twenty-three); no Pershing; no Henry Ford of Detroit (but a Henry J. and a Henry P., Pittsburgers both). Here are the only two ex-Presidents of the United States who defeated each the other for that office; here is John D. Rockefeller the elder with a list of beneficences: "He has given over $6,500,000 to the Univ. of Chicago; a $100,000 building, 3,000 volumes on Greek art and literature, and money donations to Vassar; $25,000 to Barnard Coll.; $50,000 to Tarrytown, N. Y., for a high-service water tower; $250,000 to Am. Baptist Missionary Union and Home Missionary Soc., etc."

It was an era of hyphenated writers. George Ade was "journalist-author," Ambrose Bierce was "author-journalist"—here, assuredly, is the nicest of nice distinctions. There was, to be sure, James Lane Allen, "author," and there was James Lane Allen, "lawyer-author," Kentuckians both—it was the "author" who wrote "The Kentucky Cardinal." John Burroughs was "essayist," Bliss Carman "journalist and poet," Richard Harding Davis "novelist-journalist," Mark Twain "author-lecturer," Lew Wallace "lawyer-soldier-diplomat-author." A. Harris, a Harte, a Hearn, a Howells, and a Riley could announce themselves, baldly and openly, as authors. Of the numerous omissions, most are explicable. Frank Norris, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Booth Tarkington, and Edith Wharton had already published books, but the moment of full arrival was not yet at hand.

It is doubtful if Stephen Crane lived to see his own biographical sketch in print, although he died too late to be included in the necrology at the front of the volume. His own entry, a veritable obituary, read:

> CRANE, Stephen, author; b. Newark, N. J., Nov. 1, 1871; ed. there; also took partial course at Lafayette Coll. Entered journalism at 16; for years reporter and writer of newspaper sketches; still does special newspaper work, but since 1896 has devoted his time chiefly to story-writing; corr. New York *Journal* in Graeco-Turkish war, 1897; while on his way to Cuba, 1897, was shipwrecked and spent some time in an open boat until rescued. *Author:* Maggie, a Girl of the Streets; The Black Riders, and Other Lines; The Red Badge of Courage; George's Mother; The Little Regiment; The Open Boat; The Third Violet; The Eternal Patience; etc. *Address:* Hartwood, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

"The Eternal Patience"? Only another ghost book, another "Studies of Contemporary Celebrities." Vincent Starrett makes due note of it in his Crane bibliography. "No one," he asserts, "appears ever to have seen a printed copy . . . It is said to have been rejected by several magazines, and to have been withdrawn by Crane on one occasion when it had been partly set in type. What became of it is not known."

This earliest of "Who's Who in America" is by now something of a ghost book itself. Of its 8,602 entries, how many survive? Ask not, Prince, this week or this year.

J. T. W.

Don Juan

THE OTHER DON JUAN. By LOUIS How. Illustrated by STEELE SAVAGE. New York: Harbor Press. 1932. $5.

MR. HOW has used as the basis for this modern blank verse story an original of Prosper Mérimée. It is a blood and thunder story from the late Renaissance, woven into a study of the soul of the complete egotist.

The book has been produced as a large octavo set in Goudy's "Kennerley" type, with rubricated title-page. The binding is red leather back and red cloth sides, stamped in gold. The illustrations, of which there are six, are very much in the manner of Mr. Rockwell Kent, and done with much skill. R.

Magazines

PHILOBIBLON.

Part Eight of this monthly contains two items of especial interest. One is an extended article by Dr. Prandtl on Tycho Brahe's library. The other is an account of Lewis Carroll and "Alice," containing some unusual illustrations from the collection of Mr. Owen D. Young, and the mouse-tail extravaganza as set up in various languages. This account, by Dr. Lehmann-Haupt, is printed as an insert of sixteen pages. There is also another insert, containing Mr. George P. Winship's chapter on Venice from his "Gutenberg to Plantin."

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

The first number of this new weekly is at hand—typographically the least inspired of any recent new journal. The page is too big, the columns too wide, the type too close to the column rules, the head-letter too fancy, the text type too outmoded. I prefer the *Newtown Bee:* the *Spectator* looks like a country weekly, the *Bee* is one.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Mr. George W. Jones, at the Sign of the Dolphin, London, sends to his friends in America a well printed souvenir of Robert Bridges and the "Testament of Beauty." It consists of reproductions of a letter from Bridges, and an autograph and a quotation.

BOOK COLLECTOR'S PACKET.

The November number is mainly concerned with books on printing suggested for study by bibliographers and book lovers.

Not only is there again a Gladstone in the British Parliament, but there is once more a Sir Walter Scott. The latter is a great-great-grandson of the great novelist, and lives at Abbotsford.

How Did Christmas Come to Be Called
YULETIDE?

Yuletide, and the great yule log that formerly was an important part of its ceremony, are among our oldest traditions.

The history of the word *yule* is dimmed a little by the mists of time. But we know that its Medieval English form was *yol*, from still older Anglo-Saxon *géol*, and that it is akin to Icelandic *jol*, the midwinter feast (going back to heathen times). This word *jol* may also be the ancestor of *jolly*. So "Yuletide" from the beginning, perhaps, meant "a jolly time," as it still does, although now in its special Christmas significance. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

MINNESOTA

Paul C. Hillestad contributes this from Sinclair Lewis's birth-state:—

James A. Gordon of the St. Paul Book & Stationery Company, St. Paul's largest bookstore, tells us that the Van Loon Geography and *Stuart Chase's* "New Deal" top the non-fiction sellers. "The Epic of America," *Abbé Dimnet's* "What We Live By," and "Only Yesterday," are still going strong, and *Max Miller's* "I Cover the Waterfront" has apparently settled down to a steady pull. *Vash Young's* "Let's Start Over Again" has slowed up after a fast get-away. In fiction, *Pearl Buck's* "Sons" and *Phyllis Bentley's* "Inheritance" lead the field in St. Paul, as they seem to be doing in other cities. Gordon "views with alarm" (in apprehension for his regular book sales) the large turnover in dollar reprints for the Christmas trade. "It looks," he says, "like a Dollar Christmas."

On December 8th, Norse groups in the Twin Cities will join together to pay homage to their famed countryman *Björnstjerne Björnson* on the 100th anniversary of his birth. Assembling at Northrop Auditorium at the University of Minnesota, the Norseman, and others, will hear addresses by President *Lotus D. Coffman* of the University of Minnesota and Professor *Gisle Bothne*, who was for many years head of the Department of Scandinavian Literature and Language. Professor *Joseph Warren Beach*, whose "Twentieth Century Novel" has just been published by Century, will read his translation of *Knut Hamsun's* classic poem to Björnson on the latter's seventieth birthday. Norse folksongs will be sung by a chorus of two hundred male voices. Professor *Martin B. Ruud* heads the University committee on arrangements and *B. R. Eggan*, president of the Norse National League, is general chairman.

NEBRASKA, ETC.

Helen Geneva Masters reports on the overland cruise she took this summer, across Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Alberta, and British Columbia:—

I visited a good number of public libraries, of pay libraries and book stores, and made inquiry into circulation, demand, and reading trends. With only minor exceptions, three conditions seemed emergent:

1. Within a year circulation in the public libraries has increased anywhere from 10 to 20%. Lincoln (Nebr.) Public Library reports that it circulated 10,000 more books in July 1932 than in July 1931, the rate of gain being almost 20%. The Public Library of Calgary, Alta., reported an increase of 13% in its circulation for the whole year, and an increase of 30% in the field of non-fiction alone. Much of this stimulated demand comes from persons seeking education in business, economics, or salesmanship, and from an increasing number interested in the problems of foreign relations. An interesting situation holds at Butte, Mont., where of course business is practically at zero. Workmen now out of employment crowd the reading rooms from nine till nine, some even bringing lunches. They are orderly and earnest in their quest for self-education. (Red literature is neither demanded nor supplied.) What with drastic reductions in funds for operation and new purchases the libraries are tragically handicapped at a time when our "cultural lag" might be overcome. Customers at the book shops, especially readers who depend on salaries, hesitate appreciably when a volume passes the two or two-fifty mark.

2. Demand seems to be swinging toward non-fiction. Travel, biography, and records of experience, such as "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," promise to drive a wedge into the detective and mystery thriller.

3. Both libraries and book shops note an increased number of male patrons. They are helping to swing the pendulum toward non-fiction.

Libraries in Alberta and British Columbia are supported by grants which do not fluctuate very greatly from year to year. And what live centres they are! Calgary, with a population of only 90,000, supports five book-stores. The newest books on display are practically identical with ours except perhaps a greater emphasis on such a book as *Rothenstein's* "Men and Memories" and a little less on *Adams's* "Epic of America" than in the States.

Here are some further notes on Nebraska. For some of this material I have drawn upon the Nebraska Writers' Guild autumn bulletin:

Those of us who know *Dorothy Thomas* of Lincoln, Nebr., are rejoicing in her run of success. Within a twelvemonth she has had five short stories published, one in November *Harpers*, "Augusta and the Brewers' Big Horses," four in *American Mercury*, another accepted by that magazine, and a novel, "Ma Jeeter's Girls," to be brought out this winter by Mr. Knopf. Besides being young and comely, Miss Thomas is possessed of humor. Here is one of her verses for children:

My two shoes sit together
As tired old travellers do.
They do not talk,
They just sit still
And think what they've been through.

PENNSYLVANIA

Paul Whetsel, of Pittsburg, sends us the following:—

Critics who have accused *John Dickson Carr*, Uniontown, of too fine writing for detective thrillers will no doubt be pleased to see that he has issued another tale in the series of sealed mysteries, "Poison in Jest," published by Harpers.

Would you read over 10,000 stories to write a book? Well, that seems to be the foundation for the new book being written by *Don Arthur Maust*, who also hails from Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Mr. Maust has had a varied experience in the writing field, his articles covering a very wide range of subjects from Antiques to Sports and from Chinwangtao, China, to Los Angeles. He was a member of the 1932 Olympic Games Committee. In addition to the book mentioned above, which is to be a text for writers, there is also in preparation a book on Indians. And while the book will be authentic in detail there will be some effort expended to keep it interesting. It will be fully illustrated with over a hundred black and white pictures, done in dry brush.

McReady Huston's "Salesman from the Sidelines," published by Long & Smith, portrays the business side of *Knute Rockne's life*. He represented a combination of Yankee activity and Nordic force and applied it to business as well as to athletics. McReady Huston is a Pennsylvanian by birth, now residing in Indiana.

VIRGINIA

Mary Coles Carrington of Richmond takes the subjoined exception to the letter of our correspondent of recent date:—

After reading your correspondent's letter about Virginia in your issue of November 5th I am moved to ask—Who is William Staples, and where is Bear Island? Though arguing myself unknown, I have never heard of either.

On the other hand, in his remarks about the "low fog" in literary Virginia, he either ignores or forgets the fact that the author of "The Sheltered Life" is also a native Virginian and a resident of Richmond—in which Richmond rejoices.

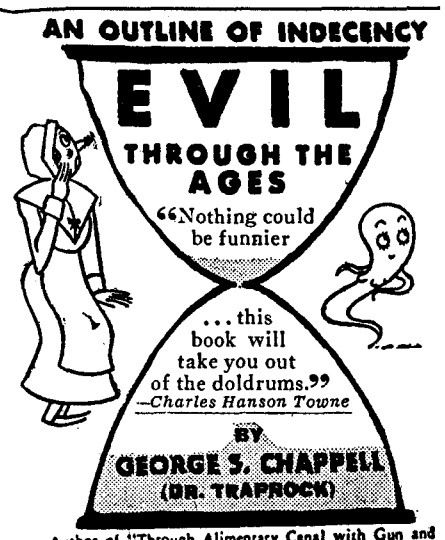
I hope that the latter supposition may be correct, and that the amnesia may be temporary.

WISCONSIN

Our Milwaukee correspondent, who wishes to remain anonymous, provides us with the appended items:—

The Community Club at Windsor, Wisconsin, has been named the Ella Wheeler Wilcox Community Club, as a tribute to the poet who grew up in that town.

After Amelia Earhart lectured in Milwaukee, there was a dinner given in her honor at which a group of Milwaukee club women presented the aviator with a silver bowl. The women were horrified when they found that Amelia had driven to Milwaukee in the family "bus" and was driving back to Chicago late at night alone.



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YALE'S posy is Lux et Veritas. In "The Yale Shakespeare," Professor Tucker Brooke states, under "FACTS," that First Folio verses signed "J. M." were by James Mabbe. Thou art a Scholar, speake to us Professor and sound your "a" in Mabbe. Is it sung as in "crab" or as in "jay"? It has been pronounced as if spelled "Mebbe." Scholarship awaits your verdict. George Frisbee.

E. T. S. Thank you for the list. Would welcome correspondence and exchange of information. Box 95.

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AMATEUR COLLECTOR wants information on sources of items allied in subject to Colman's "Radical." Box 96.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE have always liked to sing in church, though it is now some time since we have entered any edifice of worship. Therefore we are doing a thing we don't often do, printing a brief essay by *Alice Boorman Williamson* on "Musical Common-Sense in Choir-Loft and Pulpit." Mrs. Williamson frankly avows that she likes going to church, at present in Washington, D. C., but "there are certain things in connection with religious services that annoy the members of the congregation." Therefore she writes:—

Knowledge, to be worth anything, should be tinctured with common-sense. A church organist may have at his finger-tips the stored-up musical knowledge of the centuries; he may be able to play like an angel, and sway his listeners to rapture or despair, but if he lack commonsense all this profiteth him nothing. For instance, when he perceives that the hymn has eight long stanzas, none of which has been omitted, he should realize at once that the congregation will be entirely out of breath at the onset of the final stanza. If he is kind-hearted, and sensible, he will then play a brief interlude, merely a phrase or so, and the congregation will rise up and call him blessed.

The minister, too, may well possess (and apply) horse-sense. He who, facing an audience of six old ladies, three children, and ONE MAN, gives out the grand, but somewhat arduous, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" is certainly lacking in a sense of proportion, and he need expect no sonorous result from the singers. He should know that hymns which soar to great heights ought always to be sung by a large number of people. Mass-psychology makes it possible for individuals to sing lustily when surrounded by hundreds of their kind. Substitute for the crowd vast areas of empty space, and the individual's voice falters and dies away in a frightened squeak.

The wide-awake cleric with practised eye will note the probable voice-capacity of his audience, and will promptly, if reluctantly, forego the delights of Sullivan's "Onward, Christian Soldiers," switching to the less taxing "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus," regardless of the numbers on the bulletin board. He may occasionally, it is true, have to sing something not exactly appropriate to his sermon, but the congregation will not mind in the least. If it is an easy hymn and one they enjoy, they will sing like larks.

From the standpoint of the woman-in-the-pew let me offer a protest against the practice of singing a hymn the words of which are under one's nose and the tune on another page. (Pastors of churches using hymnals with words only, skip this paragraph.) If one is lucky enough to know the *name* of the tune—and there are those who can say glibly: "Oh, that's *St. Gulgulphus*, of course!"—the tune may be eventually found and, if it be unfamiliar, attempted by the simple (?) process of holding the hymnal open in two places and letting the gaze travel rapidly back and forth in a mad scramble. This is likely to result in words of a somewhat hybrid character, such as: "This is the day when umpty-um, Doth shine upon our la-de-dum." Anyone whose spiritual adviser constantly adopts these tactics may well evolve a private hymn of hate, more or less like the following:

The guy I hate is Rev'rend Gages;
His hymns have tunes on different pages!

And a word for the ear of the genius—choir-master, precentor, or whoever he be, who sets the tempo for the hymns. Let him beware of the gallop, as of the drag. In some churches the hymns are rushed through at a gait that leaves me, at least, gasping. In other houses of worship the opposite is true and a dirgelike effect is the rule. There is a golden mean that should not be difficult to attain.

The daughter of a church organist (now assisting, I trust, with the Music of the Spheres), I feel keenly that the music is a very important part of the religious service. Though my father played for years a "pipeless" organ in a village church, he made of the music so vital a thing that the minister was actually moved to protest. "I want the people to come to listen to *my* sermon," he said frankly, "not to *your* music." "Well," returned my father dryly, with equal frankness, "After I get them in with my music, you may have your chance with the sermon!"

Selah! . . .

We have received the November issue of *The Critical Review*, a magazine issued by the students of New York University, and containing articles written for it by faculty members and gifted students. It contains a rather interesting poem, "Helen and Helenus," by *Raphael Levy*. . . .

Booksellers will stray occasionally, and "*Squire*," of Duttons, Inc., jotted down the following when in Central Park the other day:

City I love . . . tonight you hurt me with your beauty.
As the grey mist descends upon the park
Softening the harsh outlines
Of your imperious towers
There . . . in the midst of you
I found a still dark pool!

Oh, that my heart could be still as its dark waters
Reflecting calmly
The surrounding lights and shadows!

The publicity department of the Union News Company, in the person of *Peter Greig*, is trying to get people interested in good cooking as well as good books. Highly literate is the Carte du Jour of the Grand Central Terminal Restaurant that proclaims as below on every Friday. The only thing we regret is the dash for the "in" in "drinks." Nay, speak out boldly! Who's not for beer!

AN Exciting SPECIAL
Bouillabaisse
(French Fish Stew)
a delicious dish which has been praised by epicures for generations. For example, the famous author William Makepeace Thackeray, wrote in *Punch* as long ago as 1849:

And here's an inn not rich and splendid
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse;
Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis,
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good dr—ks.

Old *George Frisbee* of San Francisco remarks from the Coast:

Perhaps it is because *Professor G. H. Danton* is at Oberlin College, that he is nonplussed about "yen." Of course "yen" is Chinese! None ever thought otherwise! It is not "slang"! It is a legitimate translation. Any old-time San Franciscan can tell that "yen" means "desire."

And *Walter Bracken* of Coatesville, Penna, incloses to us the following book report made by a tenth grade youngster on "Crimson Roses," by "*Grace Livingston Hill*. It is copied *verbatim:*

The book was very interesting because you couldn't tell who was putting those crimson roses on her seat. It didn't matter what theater she went to on her set was a crimson Rose. She would be the first and there a crimson Rose was waiting for her. The Print was very good size. You didn't know what was going to happen next. Everything went together wonderful in the end. Tell of a girl who work and got what she earn. It taught her to be saving and then the right man came along she got him a very rich fellow. Splendid manners nice looking.

Gilbert Seldes, the new literary editor of *Americana*, 1280 Lexington Avenue, this city, wishes the following news to be spread:

I will pay a dollar a line for four or eight line epigrams in verse (full rhyme and no cheating, with only rhyme to four lines) on political figures or economic questions, regardless of politics—that is, they can be enthusiastic for Mr. Roosevelt or the widower of Moscow, but they have to be as intense, or savage as they are brief. I think the eighteen-century English poets are good models.

Miss *Amy Vanderbilt* has been helping W. E. V. D. put a best-seller "on the air" by doing a digest of the meatiest chapters of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" in a fifteen minute talk every Monday and Thursday at 4:45. The program is a sustaining feature of W. E. V. D. . . .

Here's a word from *Carolyn Wells*, whose latest Fleming Stone detective story, "Fuller's Earth," Lippincott published recently, anent the write-your-own-epitaph fashion: "I always follow a fashion if I can, so I have prepared for my tombstone this graceful jingle:

Here lies our darling Carolyn,
She danced o'er Death's dark wave;
We've seen her merry, but till now,
We never saw her grave!"

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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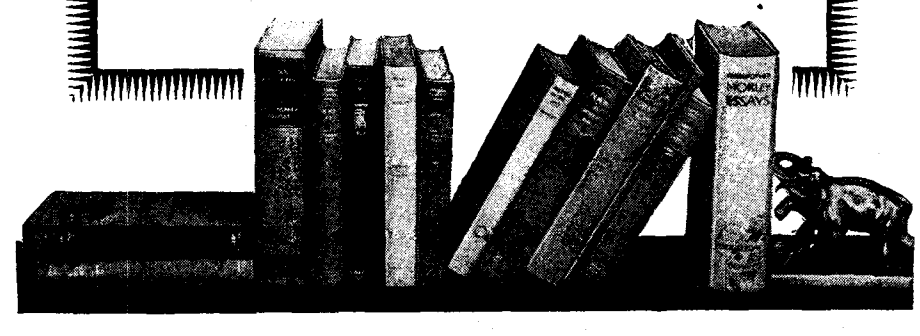

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